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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

"A SINGULARLY pitiless and horrible" war—to use a phrase from the League Commission's report—has been waged between Paraguay and Bolivia since 1932. The Commission's conclusions, in brief, are that this war is destroying not only the younger generation of these countries, but also their civilisation, that it is spreading malaria and worse diseases, that it may soon be impossible to localise either the effects of the war or the war itself. Though formulae have been suggested as a basis for settlement, both countries follow the advice of their military staffs which naturally hope soon to win victories and therefore to be able to dictate terms. Even if Paraguay succeeds in annexing the rich Chaco district, the Commission doubts if it can hold it. In any case there would be more war. The war is waged with the most up-to-date weapons, all of them imported from Europe and the United States. No arms are made in either of the belligerent countries. It is a war fought solely by permission of, and in the interests of, the private arms manufacturer. It can be stopped at any moment that the Powers care to put a stop to the traffic in arms. Mr. Runciman has supplied the House of Commons with the details of the recent arms export from this country to the Chaco war. We are not surprised that the beneficiaries of the Clergy Pensions Fund have at length discovered that a large holding in the shares of Messrs. Vickers is incompatible with their faith or profession.

Creating "Disaffection"

We explained last week why the amendments to the Disaffection Bill which the Government has so far conceded seemed to us of only minor importance. Our view has this week been reinforced by the formidable authority of the Vinerian Professor of English Law and other eminent Oxford jurists whose opinions were published in the *Oxford Mail* of May 16th. The amendments, says Sir William Holdsworth,

> leave untouched my original objections to the Bill. Unless further amendments are accepted, the Bill will still place in the hands of a single magistrate the power of granting a search warrant if he is satisfied there is "reasonable ground" for suspecting an offence. It will still allow a single constable to enter premises on a warrant granted by only one J.P. and seize any documents which he personally thinks may be evidence of an offence.

Sir William adds his hope that "if the Bill is to be proceeded with, further amendments will be accepted to remedy these points." Yes, but is the Bill to be proceeded with? It is doubtful whether the Government, which has never yet brought forward any even moderately convincing reason for introducing the Bill, really wishes to proceed with it. Mr. Duff Cooper makes strange references to "grave national emergencies"—but the country, which lacks evidence of seditious tendencies in

the Army and Navy, can only assume that someone is making the Government's flesh creep—some monstrous fat boy, we presume, hidden in departmental recesses, handing out Red Letters and whispering about blood and revolution. Meanwhile in the country the opposition to the Bill is really growing formidable and embraces not only "Left" sympathisers, but also lawyers, publishers, newspaper owners, churchmen, nonconformists, and "non-political" people of every kind. A protest meeting, organised by the Committee of Civil Liberties, will meet in the Kingsway Hall on May 23rd.

The Labour Win in West Ham

The result of the West Ham by-election was another heavy defeat for the Government. The Conservative vote dropped to less than half its 1931 figure, and the Labour majority was 3,464. The third candidate, Mr. Fenner Brockway, representing the I.L.P.'s brand of revolutionary Socialism, got only 748 votes and forfeited his deposit. The result on the whole shows dissatisfaction with the National Government rather than enthusiasm for the Labour Party. The number of abstentions was exceptionally large; less than fifty per cent. of the electorate voted, and Mr. Gardner's own poll was substantially below that of 1929. West Ham is an area that contains a great body of working-class discontent, and many other constituencies of the same kind, which were won by the Tories in 1931, may be expected to return to their former allegiance at the next general election. But Mr. Gardner's achievement, taken with the results of other recent by-elections, hardly portends a Labour Government in the near future.

The Saar Plebiscite

The main business before the League Council this week was the making of preliminary arrangements for next year's plebiscite that will settle the fate of the Saar territory. There is no doubt that the Nazi Deutsche Front has organised a most efficient system of intimidation which operates chiefly through employers on workers. The Socialists and Communists, who together poll normally over 60 per cent. of the electorate, would presumably have a majority for remaining under the League, if a free vote undisturbed by nationalist passion were possible and all the Jews, with some Catholics, would vote in the same sense. But even without actual terrorism a cool vote on such an issue is barely possible. The local police is said to be Nazi in sentiment and has protested against the enlistment of some refugee German policemen. The Commissioners, after making their technical arrangements for the voting, may, it is expected, recommend the embodiment of a neutral international gendarmerie for the period of the plebiscite. Mr. Knox, the League's Commissioner, has fears of a Nazi *coup d'état* before the voting, which one would have thought an improbable folly, since by all accounts the vote is likely to go heavily for Germany. The separation of some parishes into which dissentients could migrate is possible under the Treaty, but this is not an easy course to contemplate in a small and racially homogeneous territory. A better course would be to secure in advance guarantees for the fair treatment of minorities and opponents after the decision.

A Bloodstained Frontier

Hungary has presented to the League Council a petition in which she calls attention to the readiness of the Jugoslav guards to use their guns across the frontier. She has collected a long and horrifying list of incidents, in which so far as one can judge the guards fired without a trace of justification. An unarmed peasant who strays accidentally across an imaginary line in wooded country must expect to be shot at sight. Or again, a lad who dares to go swimming in the river that divides these unfriendly neighbours is shot as he rests still in the water near the Serbian bank. The Council postponed consideration of this petition till September. It is significant chiefly as a symptom of tension. Hungary, which is now bound to consult Italy in all matters of external policy, acted, doubtless, as a member of the Italian bloc. The Serbs, on their side, after their recent *rapprochement* with Turkey, may be hardening their faces in view of Mussolini's rather theatrical speech in Rome. The one concrete gain of these diplomatic manoeuvres is that Austria and Hungary are both securing somewhat wider markets within the triple bloc.

More Public Spending in America

President Roosevelt has now asked Congress for large further credits for the purpose of providing work or assistance for the unemployed. In a sense, the sum now demanded is not new money, in that it is only the balance of the total amount for which the President stated some months ago that he meant to ask. But the calling up of the money marks an admission that, despite some improvement, there is still a vast unemployment problem to be tackled. Public works, after the big extension of the past few months, have shown signs of slackening off again; and the winding up of the "Civil Works" relief scheme at the beginning of the month has left large numbers of persons destitute. The new credits will presumably be spent largely in replacing the abandoned "Civil Works" scheme by some other scheme as a supplement to the programme of "productive" Public Works. Credits are also demanded for spending on help to the live-stock farmers, whose products have remained at the lowest price of all in recent months. In this case, as in those of wheat and cotton, the President's policy is to enforce a restriction of production as a means of raising prices to a remunerative level. There are also to be special credits for small businesses which cannot get finance for long-term development either through the capital market or from the banks. A few months ago Mr. Roosevelt was confidently promising a balanced budget for 1936 as a reward for the heavy spending of the past year or so. But in his latest message he is far more cautious.

White and Black Land

The publication of the voluminous report of the Kenya Land Commission is accompanied by a White Paper stating the intentions of the Government. The Report demands the closest attention of all those who are interested, not only in the land problems of Kenya, but also in the general problem throughout Africa. In its first two sections it examines the claims of certain special tribes and, after sifting an enormous amount of evidence, recommends the addition of 1,474 square miles in full

and final satisfaction of native claims together with further additions totalling 1,155 square miles to meet their present and future economic needs. This curious division of the recommendation into two parts, and casual statements such as "the final settlement with the Masai was secured by agreement"—a statement preposterously at variance with the facts—suggest an attempt to whitewash past misappropriations and to buy off legitimate criticism. We welcome the recommendation as a sign of grace. But we doubt whether the natives will be satisfied and, whether in view of their rapidly increasing population, the provision made for future economic needs is adequate. The third section, dealing with the Native Land Trust Ordinance is unlikely to restore native confidence. The Northern Territories and Turkana are not to be gazetted as native reserves, and alienation by lease to non-natives is to be permitted. The protective and administrative functions of the Lands Trust Board are to be separated, and the former may be so whittled down as to prove illusory, particularly on the question of water rights. Temporary exclusion and "the setting apart" of areas in native reserves will create a feeling of insecurity, the more so as, though the native local councils are to be consulted on matters affecting the reserves, their objections may be overruled. The solution of the problem is not yet in view.

Great Britain Against Leisure

That there are great difficulties in the way of a workable international convention for the agreed reduction of working hours we readily admit; that the right way is to meet these difficulties by denouncing the entire project we entirely deny. This, however, is what the British Government has done in the memorandum to the I.L.O. issued this week. It will have nothing to do with any attempt to reduce working hours by general agreement. Instead, it suggests that the question will have to be dealt with by each industry separately—which means in effect that it will not be dealt with at all, since the "industry" means the employers who can agree upon nothing unless it promises larger profits. The Government, no doubt, have in mind that the attempt to secure limitation of working hours in the coal industry by international agreement has already been made, and has failed—partly owing to British opposition. It is true enough that conditions differ from trade to trade; but these differences could be provided for within the framework of a general system limiting working hours in industry generally; and without a general agreement as a basis it will be virtually impossible to begin even discussing agreements for most industries. Of course, what the British Government, expressing the view of the British employers, really means is that it does not want working hours reduced at all—at any rate, unless wages are to be reduced as well. So the world is to be prevented from reaping the fruit of growing productivity in a larger leisure; and at the same time restriction schemes are to prevent it from getting the benefit in an increasing flow of goods.

Standard of Nutrition

Though it is satisfactory that the joint conference between representatives of the Advisory Committee to the Ministry of Health and the special committee of the British Medical Association should have reached agreement on a standard of nutrition, it would be a mistake to imagine that the problem is settled. The difference originally disclosed between their respective assessments arose chiefly, as the joint report makes clear, from the adoption of different bases of reckoning: the Ministry's committee was concerned with a statistical average applicable to whole communities, the B.M.A. committee with the varying needs of single families and individuals. The sliding scale allowing for age, work and sex now jointly agreed upon gives an average daily minimum of 3,000 calories for the population as a whole, plus between 80 and 100 grammes of protein, of which at least one-third must be animal protein. An average is not in itself of great value, because individual requirements differ, or, in the formal words of the report, "there does not exist any standard of food requirements which can be rigidly applied to all men alike." For relief purposes calories have to be translated into shillings and pence, and here at once further difficulties arise. Allowance must be made for variations in price, for inefficient shopping, for wasteful cooking, for the psychological and digestive effects of monotony of diet. As was pointed out in the *Week-end Review's* minimum dietary report, a menu consisting of cheese, oatmeal, margarine and fruit juice would meet the calorific and protein requirements at a cost of about 3*s.* 2½*d.* a week, but neither the mind nor the stomach could stand it. Minima in any case are not enough; it is the surplus that makes life worth living.

Prison or Cure?

A case came before the magistrates at Kingston-on-Thames Quarter Sessions last week which surely requires investigation by the Home Secretary. A young man of 29 was charged with common assault and improper assault on a girl of 17 whom he had invited to his garage in Morden, following repeated telephone talks between the two, and had there given her a caning. The girl's story was that she was forced, the man's that she was throughout a consenting party, having discussed the project beforehand and accompanied him all the way from the Marble Arch, where they had met by agreement, to Morden. From the report of the proceedings some may feel a doubt in deciding between the evidence of the two, but that is not the point we are concerned with. At the trial a doctor gave evidence that beating was a form of sexual perversion, the behaviour of the accused as brought out in the proceedings pointed unmistakably to this conclusion, and the accused himself stated in the dock that he had consulted a Harley Street neurologist, who told him he could be cured. Evidently the jury, on which were four women, had some doubts about the proper course to pursue, for they were absent an hour before returning a verdict of guilty. The magistrates apparently had none, for they passed sentence of *eighteen months' hard labour*. The italics are ours, but the folly is the magistrates'.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will include our annual Insurance Supplement. The first of the Monetary Articles, announced for this week, has been unavoidably postponed until next week.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE SAFEGUARDS OF PEACE

THE Disarmament Conference, said Mr. Duff Cooper in a speech this week, is at its last gasp. His gloomy words represent the general view; only a faint hope remains of a change of heart or mind among the Governments of the European Powers when they re-assemble at Geneva ten days hence. At the moment there is no sign of such a change. Mr. MacDonald has just told a Labour and Trade Union deputation that this country has done all that is possible. The French and the Germans both stand fast, repeating the old cry, "Que MM. les assassins commencent!" Italy has nothing new to say. In this deadlock each of us has abundant excuses, none a real justification. Everybody recognises its gravity; though Europe may not be going up in flames next month, the signals are pointing to all-round preparation for war. Yet no country stands to gain anything by war, and every country dreads the thought of it. Does not even Germany's bellicose temper mean a desperate assertion of her claims—claims which in the main are perfectly just—rather than a genuine desire for war? If the European statesmen, knowing what they know, believing what they believe, and fearing what they fear, have nothing better to say than "To your tents, O Israel!" then it is surely the nadir of statesmanship.

Meanwhile the problem is complicated by happenings in Asia. Japan takes advantage of the distractions of the Western Powers at home. Her reception of the Rajchmann report has been hostile, as we expected. The Foreign Office spokesman in Tokio again warns us off China. We are informed in so many words that these modest proposals for the League's collaboration with China are to go into the waste-paper basket, that the Chinese are not to have technical advisers or loans from the West, that, in short, Japan forbids us all to carry out the aim, unanimously subscribed to in the Assembly's report a little over a year ago, of reconstructing China. That is an impudent defiance, which as we said in these columns last week, ought to be strenuously opposed. To concede the Japanese claims will be disastrous, not merely for China but for the rest of the Powers which have legitimate interests in the Far East.

Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., in an abusive letter published in our correspondence columns, attacks us for our comments on this state of affairs and for the policies we have urged in Europe and in the Far East. It is not quite clear what Mr. Boothby himself is driving at. From some of his sneers and arguments it looks as if he is among the apostles of re-armament, and especially British re-armament. He notes the rapid and determined re-arming of Germany, and he is impressed by the military display he saw in Moscow. He refers to the Russians' boast that it is their aeroplanes at Vladivostok which have averted an attack by Japan. Very likely the Russian air force has had a considerable influence on Japanese plans, though there is no clear evidence that war was otherwise inevitable. But in any case what is the relevance of this to our own attitude? It was in all the circumstances a practical necessity for the Russians to take precautions against a very patent menace, particularly as they saw small likelihood of any help from outside, and saw indeed that Japan's arrogance was actually being encouraged by the way in which the rest of us were handling the Manchurian affair. But there is a still better safeguard against aggression than the arming of one State to protect itself from another—which is a system of collective security with a general reduction of armaments. That is what we have argued for; and that also is what the Russians have worked for (as witness Mr. Litvinov's efforts at Geneva), though Mr. Boothby does not think fit to mention it.

From other passages, however, we gather that Mr. Boothby's object is to convict us of hypocrisy and inconsistency. He is barking up the wrong tree. We have been consistent in our criticism of Sir John Simon's pandering to Japan throughout the Manchurian business. We have accused him of again showing complaisance over the present defiance from Tokio. We repeat that, in face of the facts which are before the whole world, it is either dishonest or imbecile to pretend that Japan's conduct and pretensions in China are compatible with the terms of the Nine Power Treaty. But the gravamen of Mr. Boothby's charge is that, "you invite the Government to take 'a firm and prompt stand against Japanese machinations.'" That, as he is well aware, is a garbled quotation. What we actually said was: "It is imperative that we and the other Western Powers with obligations and interests in China should take a firm and a prompt stand against Japanese machinations." There was no suggestion of single-handed action against Japan. We have never advocated anything of the sort at any time during the troubles in the Far East; we have demanded united action, and always insisted on the paramount importance of American co-operation. If the members of the League, together with the United States, had acted together promptly and firmly two and a half years ago, the Manchurian adventure would have been nipped in the bud. If at a later stage of the Japanese advance they had taken concerted measures to stop it, we believe they could have stopped it. We believe, and said so at the time, that the threat of such measures, diplomatic and economic, would have succeeded in calling Japan's bluff, and we also said that if sanctions were necessary, the risks ought to be accepted. And we believe that what is wanted now is a plain and united intimation to Japan that her claim to be the sole guardian of China is one which we do not admit in principle and which we shall take no notice of in practice. If Japan is really likely to make that a *casus belli*, then the situation in the Far East is a great deal more alarming for all of us than one had supposed! But the Japanese, whatever else may be the matter with them, are not insane; and the risk of having to apply sanctions, which has frightened so many people, seems to us, as it seemed in the past, to be negligible, provided, we say again, that the League and the Powers concerned in the matter are united.

But Mr. Boothby is not concerned with this. Starting from his false assumption he goes on to sketch a hair-raising picture of the completion of the Singapore base, the entire British battle fleet dispatched to the Pacific, and our own poor little island left to other people's kindness to defend. And finally, after another sneer, he accuses us of supporting the old game of "trying to have it all ways at once, avoid all commitments and expenses, shirk all responsibilities, and get a moral kick out of lecturing the rest of the world on the subject of disarmament." It is a pity

that, when Mr. Boothby buys THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, he does not read it. If he did, he would find that we have consistently stood for the principle of collective security, with all the proper commitments and expenses involved in it, that we have urged the taking and not the shirking of responsibilities, and that our "lectures," as he is pleased to call them, on the subject of disarmament have been addressed not only to the rest of the world, but equally—and even more—to the British Government and the party of which Mr. Boothby is a member.

There is in fact no safe or sensible alternative to the policy of collective security. Private alliances are precarious and dangerous. Isolationism for Great Britain is an impossibility. Big armies and navies and air forces, apart from their wastefulness, are more calculated to lead to conflict than avert it. If, then, the present disarmament conference does break down, fresh efforts will have to be made on new and more realistic lines. Certainly a breakdown must not be taken as a signal for a general abandonment of the League of Nations, but for attempts to rebuild the League on better foundations. First and foremost should be the attempt to bring in Soviet Russia, and we are glad to have Sir John Simon's assurances that the British Government would welcome an application from Moscow for membership of the League. We should be still more glad if they could do something positively to encourage the application.

PASS THE BUCKS TO AMERICA

[BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT]

Two cases have been put forward against paying the war debts to America. One is the poverty of the debtor, an unanswerable argument, effectively used by Italy, and only less effectively by France. The other is that the payment of debts is bad for world trade and particularly bad for the creditor. This is the case put up by the British Government. Few in America have grumbled over the generosity to Italy. But almost everybody is annoyed by the attitude and arguments of Great Britain. "If it is bad to receive payment," says the American, "that is a matter for me to judge." And Americans are weary of being told that Britain is saving herself the expense of paying debts largely for America's own good.

The British thesis could be put to the test. Nothing would be simpler. As a visitor here, it is not my function to advise my hosts on their affairs. But in view of the volume of advice which has gone to America I might be permitted the indiscretion. I urge Great Britain to pay her next debt instalment to America in full, and to go on doing it until America cries off. In other words, to do it as vigorously as she can.

To over-simplify, what I propose is that the British Government, two days before the instalment falls due, should rush to buy dollars, and buy them until the full amount, $91,400,000, has been bought in the foreign exchange market. The immediate effect ought to be a sudden rise in the value of dollars, and a corresponding fall in the value of sterling.

A rise in the value of the dollar would hurt America, and a fall in sterling would also hurt America. I am prepared to stand by both statements, no matter how many economists rush forward to demonstrate that nothing of the kind will or could happen. It would hurt America psychologically, for America has a national faith in the depreciation of her own currency, and a profound distrust in a world in which the pound is relatively cheaper than the dollar. There was a time last year when the sterling-dollar exchange became almost an automatic barometer by which stock values on Wall Street were measured. If the dollar rose, stocks fell; if the dollar fell, stocks rose. Indeed American recovery is closely identified in American minds with the success of the policy of taking gold out of the dollar, and its corresponding decline on the foreign exchanges.

If the pound were to fall from $5.12, say, to about $4.12, Americans would become at once apprehensive about the recovery programme. And if this happened by any other mechanism than debt payments they would at once say that the Exchange Equalisation Fund of the British Treasury was being manipulated to undermine American recovery. They would grow angry, and the Committee of the Nation would send out a mass of propaganda from New York to rival the great dust cloud which recently swept to New York from the Middle West. But if it were done to enable the British to meet their debt, Americans could not be angry. They could only put their hands to their bewildered foreheads and admit that the British case has something in it.

It is so simple that there is, of course, a catch in it. Probably the policy proposed would not upset the exchanges very seriously. If Secretary Morganthau got wind of the intention of the British Treasury to administer such an object-lesson he could marshal vast resources to defend the dollar rate. He now has an Exchange Equalisation Fund of his own. If the British Treasury began early on the morning of June 13th to buy dollars, he could as frantically supply them. He could offer more dollars than even the Treasury cared to buy. He has enormous resources at his disposal. He can, in fact, accept war debt payments for nearly $2,000,000,000 before America begins to feel the hurt.

But the truth of the hurt is the same. Suppose Secretary Morganthau accumulates nearly $2,000,000,000 in foreign exchange, they could only be spent in buying foreign goods and services—in other words, on imports. If Mr. Morganthau, after buying large supplies of sterling, did not spend it in Great Britain, but dumped it on the foreign exchange market, this would not avoid injury to America. It would be only another way of arriving at the same effect as Britain buying the dollars in a free market. It would send sterling down and dollars up. A member of President Roosevelt's cabinet would hardly do anything so subversive to the financial policy of the administration.

What the British now must realise is that their full case against the debt payments was only sound before the American Exchange Equalisation Fund was set up and before America had a sensitive exchange rate. They said over and over again that payment was largely a problem of transfer. If the money was transferred to America it would injure everybody, America included. The Americans, apparently without knowing what they were doing, proceeded to solve the problem of transfer. Their Equalisation Fund takes care of it, to a total amount of $2,000,000,000. The Americans either have to take sterling over the exchanges, to their own immediate and palpable injury, or they have to accumulate foreign currencies in their Equalisation Fund. Trade is not dislocated in the process. Excepting America, nobody is injured, at least no nation off the gold standard and not suffering poverty. America acquires foreign currencies with which she can do nothing except spend them abroad. If she spends them, she puts Europeans to work at a time when she believes that recovery can be had only by putting her own citizens to work.

The spectacular experiment of suddenly buying dollars over the exchanges might have taught a quick lesson a year ago before the American fund existed. But the same truth is still demonstrable, even if Secretary Morganthau can now defend the dollar rate. Only the old arguments must not be used. It is no help to say the debts cannot be transferred now that America has set up an agency to transfer them. It is no help to revive the argument that the debts were incurred in goods and services and ought to be repaid in goods and services. If Britain pays the debts by selling sterling to the American Equalisation Fund, she will have paid—some day or other—in goods and services, for America can buy nothing else with

the pounds. So long as America does not require payment in gold shipped from Europe, no harm can come to Europe in paying the debt. On the contrary, Europe, having " hired the goods," to distort the famous Coolidge phrase, will repay with goods.

Part of the British case against debt payment is void. America by receiving payment would still be injured, and this ought to be demonstrated. But nobody else would be injured, and advantage might well be taken of the fact. A few years ago America was lending the money to Germany which she was collecting from Europe as debts. Then the collapse came, and American loans to Germany became in most cases valueless. America lost the money. But if Europe now pays, in foreign currencies, America, though still providing the means of transfer, will not lose the money. She may wish she could. But there it will be, cash in hand. And all she can do is to spend it in the countries of origin. In France alone she can buy gold with it —reason in enough, no doubt, to dissuade France from making the payment. But debt payment by Great Britain and all countries not on the automatic gold standard means an eventual increase of exports to the United States. And when America discovers this America will change her mind about debts. My advice is not to lecture America any longer, now that the deed of repayment will not injure Europe. Let the " bucks be passed " to Washington—millions of them.

A LONDON DIARY

I KNOW that Prime Ministers are overworked men, and I no longer expect Mr. MacDonald to remember his political past. But it was unfortunate that when he decided to base his defence of the private manufacture of arms on a verbal quibble, he should not have been better acquainted with the documents under discussion. The Women's International League, in petitioning for the abolition of the private trade in arms, quoted a " declaration " of the Temporary Mixed Commission of the League of 1921. To do this, the Prime Minister said, was a gross misrepresentation, since the celebrated six points quoted (which describe how armament firms have influenced newspapers, bribed government officials and fomented wars) were not, in fact, the " conclusions " of a sub-committee of the League. The Prime Minister was, no doubt, relying on an answer given in the House by Sir John Simon, unfortunately without realising the highly technical and legalistic sense in which Sir John used the word " conclusions." The sub-committee was not appointed to consider whether or not the private trade in arms was an evil. This point had been already decided in the affirmative in the Covenant of the League itself. The sub-committee was appointed to devise the best method of abolishing the private trade in arms. It was on this point that they were unable to reach a conclusion. The evils of the arms trade were never questioned at all. It would, indeed, have been most improper for a mere sub-committee to deny assertions made in the Covenant of the League.

* * *

The sub-committee did, as a preamble to their report, record what were in their opinion the motives that led the framers of the Covenant to include in that document a condemnation of the private armament manufacturer. This is the origin of the six points. They are not technically " conclusions " of the sub-committee. They have always been regarded, however, as " conclusive " as to the meaning of the fifth paragraph of Article Eight of the Covenant, and they were accepted as such by the Danish, French, Polish and Spanish Governments in their memorandum to the Disarmament Conference in 1933, where the six points are described as part of the " Report " of the sub-committee. In their petition the Women's International League may be accused of making the same slight slip in terminology as did the French, Polish, Danish and Spanish Governments, but at least they have avoided the immense blunder made by the Prime Minister. The sub-committee took the six points as the premise from which they started. Mr. MacDonald is apparently under the impression that they are the conclusions which they did not reach.

* * *

I have often wondered lately what the old-fashioned, intelligent, humane Germans, whom one used to know, were thinking of the Hitler regime behind the brazen shutter of propaganda which shuts them away from the outside world. I got a glimpse the other day in the smoking-room of an English country inn. I found myself alone with another man—*echt Deutsch* he was, and his shaved bullet head proclaimed him a 100 per cent. " Aryan." We fell into conversation, at first gingerly approaching politics, I thinking he must be a Nazi and he with that circumspection which becomes a necessary habit under dictatorships. He was in England for ten days on business, a well-to-do, very intelligent professional man. As we talked, I could see his reserve gradually slip from him as he felt once more that it was safe to speak what was in his mind about politics. He spoke with great moderation, but he was horrified and outraged by the brutality and stupidity of the Nazi Government. He was horrified by the treatment of the Jews, by the Reichstag trial, by the conviction and execution of Van der Lubbe. He said that to the middle-aged and elderly, like himself, these things seemed simply barbarism, though the young people were still enthusiastic for Hitler. He added that the economic conditions had become much worse in the last few months and that discontent with the regime on that account was increasing; the rural areas in which the Nazis at first had found their chief support were now lukewarm or hostile; the business community, particularly the shipping interests, were being badly hit by the Government's economic policy and the Jewish boycott. He remarked with a melancholy smile that the only way in which he could learn in his own country what the Government was doing about the German Church was by reading the London *Times*.

* * *

The Nazis are not (I gather from a friend who has been on a visit to Germany) finding it altogether easy to stamp out the " Kultur-Bolschevismus " of the past or to create a true German culture in its place. Thomas Mann's new book is selling well, for instance, and so are the works of Fallada and other quite un-Nazi writers. Concerts and operas seem less affected than Goebbels intended them to be. The Nazi press scolds away, but Hilpert at the Volkbühne has managed to maintain a decent theatrical tradition in spite of interference. He has been giving Sudermann in disregard of the Nazi complaint that he is " sentimental," and he produced Büchner's *Leonce and Lena*, although he was soon compelled to cut the passage that makes light of heroism. The other theatres are either dead or subsisting on the most trivial comedies. A real Nazi play like Blinck's *Land in der Dämmerung* means an empty house—apart from a few uniformed men with their parties here and there. German film photography remains technically good; *Stosstruppe* 1917, a good example, has been shown all over Berlin and in the provincial towns. But the new Ufa film *Gold*, with Brigitte Helm getting respectable, was less popular than the French film *La Bataille* next door in the West End of Berlin. In the " corrupt " capital cosmopolitanism dies hard. The other arts are truculent too. The best joke has been to find on several occasions the Nazi authorities offering prizes for competitions in painting and then themselves awarding the prizes to old *Kultur-Bolschevisten* who had competed anonymously.

* * *

Nothing could more naively and dramatically illustrate the results of allowing the country-side to be developed haphazard in the interests of profit than an advertisement in last Sunday's *Observer*. Underneath a photograph of the unspoilt landscape at Cooper's Hill in Surrey appeared this quotation from Pope:

> On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths still grow,
> While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.

Alas for Pope, and alas for prophecy! Underneath his lines was an announcement that this historic estate was " Now

BEING DEVELOPED offering WONDERFUL BUILDING SITES" for the erection of good class residences, commanding "the most marvellous panorama in the home counties." Details of the coming auction follow. So, if one wants to gather a wreath on Cooper's Hill by way perhaps of paying a final tribute to the grave of departed beauty, one will be well advised not to postpone the visit.

* * *

What is the logic of the law which imprisons a man for attempting to kill himself? A case was reported from Plymouth last week where a young man of twenty-six cried from the dock that he *would* kill himself and was sentenced to three months hard labour for having already failed to do so. Now if a man is rationally determined to kill himself, has the community any moral right to interfere? And will prison, which will deprive him of the chance of earning a respectable living, make him less inclined to suicide? Possible, I suppose, but scarcely probable. If he is mentally unstable, could any treatment be worse than prison? Yet, I suppose, an attempt to abolish suicide as a criminal offence would be pronounced subversive, immoral, and all the rest of it.

* * *

A correspondent calls my attention to two passages taken from reports in the same issue of the *Manchester Guardian*. The first is from a meeting of the Lancashire Executive of the National Farmers' Union.

Mr. R. K. Wordsworth (Handforth), referring to milk prices said: The method of fixing prices must be on a basis of cost of production. There must be a check put to the import of condensed milk.

The second comes from one of the unemployed men's wireless Talks, to which I referred last week:

That leaves eight bob per week for food for four of us. That works out at about 3½d. per head per day. This is how we spend our eight bob. We have three tins of milk—the cheap threepenny halfpenny stuff. . . .

* * *

A few days ago in a well-known London restaurant two entirely respectable-looking middle-aged women lunched at a table adjoining mine. Having finished their meal they paid and left. Their bill left on the table by my side read as follows:

	s.	d.
Gin	6	8
Tonic	1	0
Sardines	1	4
Cheese	0	8
Bread and Butter	0	4
	10	0

A true story without a moral. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

THIS GREAT BOOK IS VITAL TO EVERY MOTHER OR MOTHER-TO-BE. HAVE YOU STARTED TO QUALIFY FOR YOURS? Advert. in *Daily Sketch*.

Mrs. Wimbush, a non-rider, was at Taunton yesterday elected for the fourth time as Master of the Quantock Staghounds. Expressing her thanks, she said: "I hope people are learning that organised hunting is the only way to keep wild animals properly, and to have clean sport." Capt. the Hon. T. Watson, chairman of the Hunt Committee, and Chairman of the Somerset County Council and of the Quarter Sessions, said: "Mrs. Wimbush gives a first-class answer to those people who allege that stag-hunting is cruel. She has never hunted, but has lived on the Quantock all her life, and took over the hunt purely out of love of the deer. That is why she wants the hunt maintained."—Report in *Sunday Times*.

High-spirited fooling in . . . and brisk succession of comedy situations in farcical manner, put over with zest, and *directed with keen eye on proven popular ingredients, alcoholic and sexy comicalities alternating with feminine rough-house and highly charged mendacity*. Experienced direction, enthusiastic portrayal, diverting minor characterisations, good recording, variable photography. *Safe comedy booking for the masses*.—From a film trade paper.

It all goes to show that though breeders have wrought marvels in changing the outward appearance of the dog, there is something deep down in him that they have scarcely altered at all—something elemental and instinctive, deriving directly from the dogs of a long-past age.—Special article on "Your Dog—Where did he come from." in daily paper.

One statement of Mary Borden has angered me. Where did she get the mistaken idea that Our Blessed Lady was a peasant girl? The royal blood of David ran through her veins.—Daily paper.

Sir Edward Hilton Young put the situation in a nutshell when he spoke of the employment of an additional man every minute. Politicians generally make speeches about millions. They love big movements, even if they are in the wrong direction, but Sir Edward's simple thought of one minute and one man is really a much higher conception.—*Independent*.

Wanted: Ladies and gentlemen of undoubted social standing, to render signal service to their country and incidentally augment their own incomes in a very pleasant manner.—Advertisement.

The denial of the hereditary principle was a direct blow . . . to the very foundations of the Christian Faith.—Lord Redesdale in the House of Lords.

THE OTHER

I SAW a reference in a newspaper a few days ago to The Other Club—a club at which, apparently, eminent men of conflicting views meet and dine and listen to each other's opinions without ever allowing the blood to come to the boil. At first sight such a club seems scarcely necessary in England. England is, compared with most countries, one vast Other Club. Each man speaks the thing he will and, except at moments of crisis, his opponents are unexcited. The young Communist's views do not disturb the digestion of the elderly Tory at afternoon tea. The pacifist and the fire-eating general can be amiable to each other over a whisky-and-soda. The advocate of longer hours for drinking and more drinks to the hour feels no disgust on finding himself placed beside an ardent teetotaller at the dinner-table. A man may defend Mr. de Valera in the house of an old-fashioned Imperialist and yet be a welcome guest. The picture, no doubt, is a little exaggerated, but one cannot help thinking at times that Englishmen to-day are living in a Golden Age of broadmindedness. That admirable old saying, "Vote with the Liberals and dine with the Tories," is expressive of a widespread national acceptance of the view that a man's opinions need not worry one if he is otherwise tolerable as a human being.

This, it must be admitted, is not quite natural. The natural man's attitude to his neighbour is one of "Contradict me at your peril." The less he knows, the more he thinks he knows, and the more ruthlessly he has to crush opposition lest his ignorance should be exposed. It is not the philosopher, but the ignoramus, who says: "I'm not arguing: I'm telling you." The more ignorant the nineteenth-century parent or nurse, the more often authority over the young had to be enforced with a peremptory: "Don't contradict." Conversation at table was curiously restricted in such homes, since it is difficult to converse freely if one is never allowed to question what somebody else has said. And conversation must always be restricted in any company in which variety of opinion is regarded as an evil.

In political and religious life, variety of opinion has always had to struggle hard for its existence. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them merely because somebody in power hated opposition and believed that by killing a man he could kill an opinion. Socrates was poisoned for his opinions; thousands of others have been burnt at the stake for theirs. Others have been stripped of their possessions, imprisoned, tortured, and banished for the same reason.

This seems to me to be natural. It is the logic of sincerity in primitive man, and man has never quite ceased to be primitive. After all, if one's own opinion is the truth—and one would not hold it if one did not believe it to be the truth—every opinion that conflicts with it must be a lie, and the world would surely be well rid of liars. A powerful moral case can be made out for persecution, quite apart from the pleasure of being a persecutor. Hates any man the thing he would not kill, and what normal man could help hating the enemies of God and the enemies of the State?

Moral and pleasant though it may be to persecute, however, it seems to have gradually dawned on a small part of the human race that one's enemies are more useful living than dead. Everybody instinctively loves an argument; but, kill off everybody who is opposed to you, and there will be nobody left to argue with. How miserable a great boxer would be if all his rivals were sent to the scaffold! His world would become a wilderness. His genius would have no outlet. His muscles would become atrophied, and he would become of no more worth than a ping-pong player. It is the same with the great man in politics. His opponents are as necessary to him as his seconds. Demosthenes owes much of his fame to the opposition of Aeschines. How much richer Mr. Winston Churchill's life has been because of the existence of Lord Snowden! Even in modern Germany, where opposition has been suppressed, the leaders can keep themselves in fighting trim only by engaging imaginary Jews in imaginary encounters. They will find in time, I am sure, that fighting real people is a much more engrossing occupation than fighting shadows, and will restore freedom of opinion if only because life without the pleasures of argument is so desperately dull. A world from which "the other man" had been banished would become as dull as a football match in which there was only one side, who lost all interest in scoring.

Apart from the pleasure of argument, there is also the pleasure of being able to say what one likes. Mr. Shaw is extremely indignant because the press limits his right to say what he likes by failing to report the passages in his speeches that he thinks of the greatest importance; but how much more cause he would have to complain if, even at a private dinner party in a restaurant, he dared not express his opinion of the government in power for fear one of the waiters might be a spy and report his disloyalty to the police! All over Europe at the present time, people are learning to lower their voices when speaking about their rulers or, indeed, not to speak of their rulers at all even in lowered voices. They have to be careful in trains, in trams, even in the bosom of their families. "The other man" has lost his rights, and he might as well go about wearing a muzzle like a dog in a heat-wave. Some people say that it is perfectly charming to live under such a reign of terror, that it means the joyous surrender of self to a great ideal; but, so far as I can see, it means only a nervous surrender of self to an armed policeman. I can understand the pleasure that is to be had from being a dictator, but I cannot for the life of me see what pleasure a full-grown man can get from being dictated to.

The world has been for centuries struggling to throw off dictatorships, and this suggests that men as a whole cannot have found them particularly enjoyable. They would scarcely have made such sacrifices to secure civil and religious liberty if civil and religious servitude had brought them into a paradise. In point of fact, they found that the greater liberty "the other man" achieved, the happier most people were. No Catholic or Protestant to-day, having escaped from the dictatorship of persecution, would willingly go back to it. Both Catholics and Protestants are happier in their ordinary lives in proportion as even the desire to persecute has faded.

Tolerance of "the other man," we are sometimes told, is a proof of declining virility. This is a statement, so far as I can discover, without a shred of evidence to support it. Tolerance is merely an admission of the plain fact that man does not live by opinions alone—that a man's opinions, however they may differ from one's own, need not prevent him from being an excellent citizen, as politician, parent, boon-companion, or in ninety-nine per cent. of the relationships of ordinary life. It also implies a recognition of the fact that one's own possession of the truth is necessarily limited and that even a man of opposite opinions may have a certain amount of truth to contribute to the common stock. Chiefly, however, it springs from an increase of good nature which perceived that other people are, as the propagandist speaker justly and feelingly said of the Coalition ministers during the war, "only 'uman." People got to like each other better as they were brought more closely into contact with each other and discovered that a large number of those on the other side were "only 'uman." I understand that even the Tory die-hards in the House of Commons have discovered that Mr. James Maxton is "only 'uman." I have heard of a Christian Evidence speaker who made the same discovery about an atheist opponent in Hyde Park and became one of his warmest admirers save in matters of theology. The discovery that other people are "only 'uman" seems to me to be one of the most revolutionary discoveries in the history of the human race. The only alternative to living on the assumption that other people are "only 'uman" is to become inhuman. That is what many Fascists and Communists are inviting us to do to-day.

Hence, let us praise The Other Club and all it stands for. Let us maintain our principles, but not inhumanly so when dinner is announced. Other people's opinions are, after all, extraordinarily interesting, and are never more interesting than when the cookery is good. Another great thing about other people's opinions is that they are perfectly harmless, except to a few young people, who will in the course of time probably outgrow them. The man of principle who is weak enough—or strong enough—to be influenced by the opinions of other people is a rare exception. The ordinary man, expounding his beliefs, only makes his beliefs sound preposterous to those who disagree with him. That is why it is not unpleasant to meet him at the dinner-table. Y.Y.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

WHEN I was young and pliable
My teachers taught me why
Demand was always liable
To stimulate supply
Of goods for us to buy.

The fact of my requiring
The latest thing in shoes
Set industry perspiring
To meet my lordly views
With pairs from which to choose.

This doctrinaire instruction
It seems is out of date
Now organised production
Exerts its proper weight
In each enlightened State.

For those who note with gumption
Life's economic trend
Acclaim in all consumption
By those with cash to spend
A means and not an end;

And people who provide for us
What best may suit their views
Are clamouring to decide for us
Just what we ought to choose
To purchase and to use.

Bent as I am on trusting
Whatever I may read,
This task of readjusting
My economic creed
Is difficult indeed!

MACFLECKNOE

IN THE DARDANELLES

WHY is it that the Dardanelles campaign still attracts so much attention, so much admiration? Many excellent books have been written about it. The Armistice and other events of the Great War are celebrated as the years go by, but I doubt if any anniversary is celebrated with such zeal as April 25th, which is "Anzac Day." To have lived through the nine months of 1915 on the Gallipoli peninsula is almost a title to fame, and crowds take part in the cruises to visit the famous scenes at Helles, Anzac, and Suvla Bay. I have just returned from one such cruise myself, and we counted over 700 visitors on board, including ten generals.

Granted that the idea of the campaign, mainly due to Mr. Winston Churchill, was the finest strategic conception of the war, the history of those nine months tells of the greatest failure that ever befell the British arms by land and sea. It began in disagreement, hesitation and muddle in the Cabinet and War Council at home. The First Sea Lord had a very different design in his heart. Kitchener was lukewarm, and wished to retain the best division for service in France. So, naturally, did the French. All the Cabinet, except Mr. Churchill, were half-hearted about the scheme, and from the first it was regarded as a side-show. Before the end of the war, I wrote:

> The Government appears to have regarded the Expedition rather as an over-burdened father regards an illegitimate child put out to nurse in a distant village. It was a by-blow, a side-show, something apart from the normal and recognised order of things. A certain allowance had, unfortunately, to be apportioned for it, but if the person who superintended its welfare clamoured for more, that person must be kept in the proper place, or palmed off with gifts that were no gifts. Every breath of suspicion or detraction must be listened to, every chance of abandonment welcomed, and the news of a peaceful ending accepted with a sigh of relief.

That comparison has recently been used by other writers, and it is painfully exact. Especially exact are the words that every breath of suspicion or detraction had to be listened to, for indeed the conversation and secret messages reported to the authorities in London spread an unnerving sense of discouragement. Speaking in the House of Commons just after the evacuation had been decided upon, Mr. Churchill protested:

> If there were any operations in the history of the world which, having been begun, it was worth while to carry through with the utmost vigour and fury, with a consistent flow of reinforcements, and an utter disregard of life, it was the operations so daringly and brilliantly begun by Sir Ian Hamilton in the immortal landings of April 25th.

There was no vigour, no fury in the attitude of the Government at home. Other mistakes were quickly added to the Government's hesitation and inertia. As though to give full warning of our intention to attack, the Navy bombarded the Turkish forts at the entrance of the Straits and on both shores further up. The bombardment was four times repeated, and on March 18th the endeavour to force the Straits by ships alone resulted in the sinking of two British ships and one French ship, while two others were rendered incapable. Kitchener delayed the dispatch of the famous 29th Division for a full month, and another month was wasted because the stores had been muddled up together without order and the ships had to be sent to Alexandria to be reloaded. After their first warning the Turks, under their German officers, had two months to complete the wiring and entrenchment of every possible landing-place upon the peninsula. They completed the work without undue haste, and our warnings, muddles and delays cost thousands of our bravest men their lives.

But I will not dwell upon the initial mistakes which contributed so grievously to the ultimate failure. And there is no need to recount the almost incredible gallantry displayed in the landings upon those six beaches, the very sight of which after nineteen years fills the mind equally with amazement and mourning. Now that one can wander over the ground at will and estimate the enemy's positions as well as our own, I have turned my attention mainly to two points. Both are connected with the great attempt to drive the Turks off the edges and summits of Sari Bair, which is the main range of mountain heights in the centre of the peninsula. It was early in August, and the attempt, beginning on the night of the 6th, lasted for four days. The troops at Helles were to hold the Turks in position by direct attacks over the fairly open but deeply entrenched ground at the foot of the fortified hill of Achi Baba. The Australians and New Zealanders, with British troops added, were to make the main assault upon the Sari Bair ridges by night. The newly landed divisions at Suvla Bay were to occupy the line of hills commanding the Salt Lake and all the bay. They were thus to support the main Anzac attack on the left.

I will not here describe the almost impossible advance of the Anzacs in total darkness through masses of prickly bush, up unknown and intricate ravines and hardly accessible cliffs, in the face of an alert and courageous enemy. I will notice only one point, to myself of poignant interest. As is well known, on the night of the 8th—9th, a party of the 6th Gurkhas, under command of Major Cecil Allanson, reached a position near the summit of "Hill Q," above the conspicuous stubble field called "The Farm." There they dug a shallow trench, and waited for morning. As ordered, the big guns on the shore or on the ships switched off their bombardment of the summits at 5.16 a.m. At the signal the Gurkhas, together with a body of Lancastrians, swarmed up to the crest, killed the Turks opposing them, or drove them in full retreat down the reverse slope. Before them they now beheld the Straits, the Narrows, the little town of Maidos, and the roads of the Turkish supplies. Elated with victory, they rushed down in pursuit of the Turks. A salvo of big shells suddenly fell in their midst. They turned back over the top. The Turks pursued. In irresistible black clouds they swarmed down the face of Chunuk Bair, Koja Chemen Tepe, and the Hill Q, which lies between them. The main attack from Anzac had failed.

I will not enter upon the discussion whence that salvo of big shells came, though to my mind the answer is clear. I will only notice that on my recent visit I wanted to find that trench so hastily dug by the Gurkhas and Lancastrians before the dawn of the 9th, and, climbing down for only about 50 yards from the top of Hill Q, I found it. Almost obliterated, and much overgrown, there the little trench undoubtedly was.

The second point that attracted me most on the peninsula was "Scimitar Hill," so called from a distinct blaze of gravel upon the hillside shaped like a scimitar. The prickly bushes have now grown up so as to disguise the shape, but there the hill stands, a monument of the campaign's ruin. On Sunday, August 8th, while the men at Suvla were bathing from the sandy shore and all was marked by leisurely inertia, Sir Ian in great anxiety hurried over from his G.H.Q. at Imbros, and ordered General Hammersley, commanding the 11th Division, to make no further delay, but to send any fit brigade to occupy the lofty hill of Tekke Tepe, which commands the whole position. Hammersley sent the order to the 32nd Brigade. The 6th East York Pioneers were actually in occupation of Scimitar Hill that very evening, with the 7th South Staffords not far away. Whether the new order reached them is doubtful, for their Colonel Moore was soon afterwards killed. But in any case the battalion withdrew to a line at the foot of the hill, intending to advance upon Tekke Tepe in the morning. That withdrawal marked the collapse of the whole attack, and one may say of the whole expedition.

At dawn on the 9th a party of thirty men, including Mr. John Still, who was acting-adjutant, and is the author of that remarkable book, *Jungle Tide*, an exquisite account of life in Ceylon, where he had served for many years—the thirty climbed the mountain height, but only three survived. By that time the Turks were thick upon all the hills, including Tekke Tepe and Scimitar, and they were under the command of Mustapha Kemal, now famous as "The Ghazi," the unhesitating revolutionist of all Turkish life. On August 21st, Sir Ian brought round three brigades of the 29th Division

from Helles, in the hope of recapturing that Scimitar Hill which had been vacated without a blow late on the night of the 8th. The gallant effort, which I witnessed from the neighbouring position of "Chocolate Hill," was vain, and it cost us 6,500 casualties. After that, further reinforcements were refused. Sickness and despondency wasted the army. Sir Ian was recalled in October, and the whole expedition petered out.

The question recurs: why, then, do the British people take such a special interest in the history of this glorious but tragic failure? The immemorial scene and its association with Homer, Xerxes, Byron, and other romantic names may have something to do with it. So may the finely romantic spirit of the Commander-in-Chief, and the desperate courage of the troops themselves. But what other race enthusiastically celebrates year by year the most disastrous failure of its arms? My only answer must be that by God's grace we are a peculiar people.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

Correspondence

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—You observe, in last week's issue, that if we have to get on with the business of rearmament, it will be the nadir of British statesmanship. In the next paragraph you declare that in the Far East the policy of the Government is contemptible and weak.

"What," you ask, "is the British Government's attitude to Japan's flagrant violation of the Nine Power Treaty"? And answer "dishonest and imbecile." Finally you invite the Government to take "a firm and prompt stand against Japanese machinations." If this means anything at all, it means sanctions. The application of sanctions unbacked by force is criminal lunacy. In order to carry out the policy you advocate it would therefore be necessary (1) to complete the Singapore base, (2) to send the entire battle fleet to the Pacific, and (3) to make such arrangements in Europe as would provide for the security of this island in the absence of the fleet.

If you are not prepared to do these things, wouldn't it be better to stop vapouring about "prompt and firm stands against Japan?"

If it be true—and I think it is partially true—that Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon are regarded on the Continent "with universal mistrust," then you, and the immense body of opinion in this country which you faithfully represent, are largely responsible.

For we are at our old games again. Trying to have it all ways at once, avoid all commitments and expenses, shirk all responsibilities, and get a moral kick out of lecturing the rest of the world on the subject of disarmament. The worst of it is that you and those others who pander to the smug hypocrisy which makes us so profoundly mistrusted abroad are not prepared to go the whole hog. There is something to be said for maintaining our armaments at the present dangerously low level and trusting to the good intentions and general benignity of Mr. Hirota, Mr. Litvinov, Signor Mussolini and General Göring, provided we withdraw altogether from the international stage, abrogate every international responsibility, and refuse to go to war under any circumstances. Such a course would be at least consistent. But it is the last thing you would have us do. On the contrary, when the crisis arises, it is invariably the so-called "pacifist" elements that become most bellicose, and, having refused to commit themselves to any definite policy, and successfully deceived every foreign country, finally hound us into war, with inadequate forces. It happened in 1914, and if we don't look out it will happen again.

I have just returned from a visit to Germany and Russia. The former is rearming with rapidity and determination. The latter is already heavily armed. In Moscow, on May Day, I witnessed a military and aerial display which was extraordinarily impressive. It impressed, amongst others, the Japanese representatives. And the Soviet authorities make no attempt to conceal their conviction that the strength of their armed forces, and particularly the presence of 500 heavy bombing aeroplanes at Vladivostok, has averted a war in the Far East which would otherwise have been inevitable. Circumstances have compelled them to face realities.

On the way home I read Harold Nicolson's *Curzon: The Last Phase*.

In February of 1920 (he writes) the Supreme Council urged the Poles not to advance. They did so, and were successful. The British Government took no notice of their disobedience. In June, 1920, the Poles ceased to be successful and retreated. It was then that the British Government expressed moral indignation regarding their action in the previous February, ordered them to retreat 125 miles to the Curzon line, and promised them full support if that line were crossed by their enemies. It *was* crossed. The British Government confined their support to the despatch of a mission of inquiry. . . The traditions of diplomacy enjoin that Great Britain should neither threaten nor promise in circumstances in which her threats or her promises cannot, with complete certainty, be fulfilled.

In the Polish crisis of 1920 there was no such certainty. Great Britain, therefore, should have indulged in neither threats nor promises. She indulged in both. And both were falsified. And again: By our vague emotionalism we encouraged certain elements in Germany to resist French aggression. When it came to the point we always abandoned Germany and supported France . . . our handling of the Silesian question was so intermittent, so equivocal, and so timid, that we ended by bringing upon our heads the angered contempt of both parties to the controversy.

Alas, we have not yet learned our lesson. I thought of the months during which we have exacerbated nationalist sentiment in Europe, in order to salve our own peculiar national "conscience" by discussing guns, tanks and bombs instead of their causes. And I wondered whether we should ever be able to summon the courage and honesty (1) to formulate and pronounce an unequivocal foreign policy; and (2) to provide ourselves with the forces necessary to carry it out.

Then I bought your paper to find out what the "intelligentsia" thought. That was the last straw.

ROBERT BOOTHBY

House of Commons.

[This letter is referred to in our leading article.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE DISAFFECTION BILL

SIR,—May I, on behalf of an organisation whose objects are the promotion of book reading and the wider distribution of books, endorse the views expressed in your leading article last week, and in Mr. Stanley Unwin's letter.

Should the Act become law without making distinction between the seditious leaflets at which its provisions are avowedly aimed, and the serious "unorthodox" books which are now freely circulated and greatly valued, the plight of English literature—and of its unfortunate publishers—will, indeed, be a sad one. It is generally admitted that the freedom of the press is dangerously scanty in the matter of libel and of so-called obscenity, leaving the author, publisher, and even the printer potential victims of self-interest and prejudice, and making the survival of many a valuable work merely a question of luck. If it is not the purpose of the Bill to suppress THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, the Quaker press, or the work of any Marx or Engels of the past, present or future, it should be transformed into a measure of scrupulously limited scope. The Act in its present form suggests the extravagant Chinese practice described by Charles Lamb in *A Dissertation on Roast Pig*. It is difficult to believe that we cannot do better than that in these days of electric cookers, especially when a good deal more than a house or two and a pig or two is at stake.

MAURICE MARSTON,
Secretary,
National Book Council.

3 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

YELLOW SHIRTS

SIR,—I read with particular interest of Mr. Birrell's proposed League of Yellow Shirts in your issue of last week, as I have already taken similar, but I fancy more effective, measures for the protection of my own family.

I have made for myself, my husband, and my small son *sets* of shirts, the present range of which consists of a red, a black, a brown, a blue, a khaki (in case of a Boy Scout coup d'état), and a particularly gratifying Union Jack design, useful in conjunction with a wide range of political parties, though undoubtedly occasionally unsuitable to a dangerous degree.

These shirts all have zip fastenings, and can be rapidly donned and changed. They are stored at convenient posts about the house, rather in the manner of life-buoys on board ship. You will perceive that in all political emergencies we have only to effect a judicious change of shirt to ensure ourselves the quiet life so sympathetically described by Mr. Birrell. The main rule should be to wear the shirt of the party in power; but local fluctuations of fortune might dictate a temporary change.

Finally, surely considerable danger attaches to the wearing of the Yellow Shirt! Could anything be more provocative to the belligerent? As one by nature an ardent Yellow Shirt, I implore Mr. Birrell to think again. ELIZABETH FISH

Brentwood, Essex.

SIR,—There is that in Mr. Francis Birrell's advocacy of a hitherto non-existent League of Yellow Shirts which impels me to "greet the unseen with a cheer." Nevertheless, his idea is not entirely new.

Let me now from the bonded ware'ouse of a badly organised memory extract the recollection that Max O'Rell, in the heyday of the Blue Ribbon Army, encountered a British Working Man with a yellow ribbon in his button-hole. O'Rell was informed that this was the insignia of the Yellow Ribbon Army.

"And who are they?" asked the interested Frenchman.

"Why, guv'nor," was the proud response, "we eats wot we likes, we drinks wot we likes, and we don't give a damn for nobody!" GUY INNES

INJUSTICE TO WOMEN

SIR,—Your correspondent "Equality" is mistaken in thinking that physiological differences render impossible sex equality in the matter of public conveniences. The London County Council, which concerns itself with everything, but (under the late Municipal Reform majority) did nothing, investigated the subject some time ago, and was definitely informed that the problem had been solved by a device bearing the melodious name of "urinette."

Apart from the parks, most of the public conveniences in London are run by the Borough Councils, but as a result of the correspondence in your columns, the matter will now be raised again in the proper quarter. A. EMIL DAVIES

The County Hall, S.E.1.

THE MIND'S EYE

SIR,—In your current issue there appears a review of my volume *The Mind's Eye*, in which your contributor treats my writings on the countryside with generosity. With gratitude to him for that, I cannot feel that his decisions on my war retrospects should pass unchallenged.

He quotes a descriptive passage with the suggestion that it is "prettification," and due to my growing illusions about the last war. In fact the picture I gave of Auchonvillers in the autumn of 1916 was merely photographic (and letters of that date exist to show it); the details of this village among orchards and its neighbourhood were still mainly rural and presented themselves so to anybody who was there. A number of these observers survive. Some were killed (of my own company) in the neighbourhood of apple trees and hedgerows. I am sorry if it sounds pretty.

As for my "resisting imaginative menace," I had to resist this shortly after leaving school in such circumstances as shovelling the still warm remains of my lance-corporal into a sandbag. I shall be very willing to resist, during any further disturbances, behind a phalanx of intrepid reviewers, and hope they will catch and throw back all the whizzbangs. EDMUND BLUNDEN

MARX'S BIOGRAPHERS

SIR,—I hope that no reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will neglect Mr. Carr's new life of Karl Marx on the strength of Mr. Postgate's very misleading review. He suggests that Mr. Carr has written a purely emotional life of Marx, and that he knows nothing about Marx as economist and social philosopher. We are given to understand that Mr. Carr's discussions of mysteries like the Labour Theory of Value are so muddled as to be merely unintelligible. Nothing but prejudice could make a reviewer misjudge an author so badly. Whether the interpretations provided by Mr. Carr are satisfying or not, they are singularly clear and competent. When again Mr. Postgate writes, "Spleen is his (Mr. Carr's) only explanation of Marx's angers; that indignation at the oppression and robbery of the workers would be a real emotion he cannot conceive," I can only assume that Mr. Postgate has not read the book he is supposed to be reviewing. Two sentences may suffice. "The part of *Capital* which retains its value is the fierce exposure of the terrible conditions of life under which the English working class in the middle of the last century, men, women and children, earned profits for their employers in return for something less than a living wage. Whenever the accumulation of facts replaces argument, and moral indignation drives out economic analysis, Marx rises to his full stature as the prophet of the proletariat, and *Capital* reasserts its claim to be regarded as a classic." (p. 278.) This passage does not stand alone. Mr. Carr fully recognises the part played by indignation at the oppression of the workers in the life and thought of Marx.

What Mr. Postgate resents is the suggestion that the limitations, temperamental and moral, of Marx had any real connection with the character of his theories. He wants to class Lenin and Marx with Darwin, as cool, unbiased scientists. Mr. Carr thinks this is moonshine, and in my judgment Mr. Carr is right. To save his thesis, Mr. Postgate suggests that Mr. Carr confines his attention to "obscurer controversies and angrier letters." This is simply not true. Both the controversies and the letters are typical, characteristic of Marx, and they completely disprove the myth of Marx the dispassionate scientific observer, the great economist and social philosopher. Mr. Carr has rendered a service to truth which ought not to be ignored. H. G. WOOD

Woodbrooke, Birmingham.

A QUESTIONNAIRE

SIR,—Of recent years much has been written concerning contraception, but we are still in need of accurate information with regard to the results of the methods employed. There must be many members of the general public who are using these, and who can give us considerable help in ascertaining whether they are reliable or otherwise.

To this end a questionnaire has been drawn up and appeared in a recent number of the *Practitioner* (April), a copy will be sent upon application to Dr. Griffith, The Cedars, Eggars Hill, Aldershot, or to me. We would greatly appreciate co-operation.

Each form is numbered, therefore no names are required and of course the names of all applying will be kept in confidence. Only one form should be used by each person.

London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, London, W.C.1. CECIL I. B. VOGE, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S.E.

THE B.B.C.

SIR,—May I congratulate you and the B.B.C. on the enormous improvement in the evening musical programmes since your article? In that article, it will be remembered, you drew attention to the deterioration in those programmes, so far as the major works of the major composers were concerned, and I ventured to write a letter supporting your contention, with a few statistics. The *Listener* took exception to your criticism, but no one disputed my statistics. And, at any rate, since your article appeared, the number of major works by major composers in the B.B.C.'s evening programmes has notably increased. Whether this is a case of *post hoc propter hoc*, I cannot say, but one listener at any rate thanks you and the B.B.C. for it. HIGHBROW

Miscellany

DUNCAN GRANT

THIS exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries (1A King Street, St. James's), follows appropriately the show at Agnew's last summer. There, in a room full of delicious sketches, we were to enjoy an artist's first reaction to things that had moved him. Never had Duncan Grant's alert and delicate sensibility, and the lovely handwriting in which he expresses it, been seen to greater advantage. It was an enchanting display of fresh, first feelings perfectly rendered; it was "as lyrical and gay as one of Schubert's melodies." This year, at the Lefevre Galleries, the artist shows us, not another side of his genius, but his native lyricism and sensibility directed and conditioned by hard thinking. Instead of an immediate reaction to appearances we are given an interpretation. The greatest poets have written songs, but the greatest have not been content to be song-writers only. Here are poems by Duncan Grant more profound and more considerable than his lyrics. Here is the most important exhibition yet given by the living British artist whom many good judges consider the best: some of us may wonder about Sickert, but after seeing these pictures none will be at pains to contradict.

Following closely on the exhibition of Vanessa Bell's work

at the same gallery, this suggests a comparison which is in point only because it helps to illustrate an important and growing characteristic of Duncan Grant's art. If we are honest we shall all, or almost all, admit that occasionally we have mistaken a Vanessa Bell for a Duncan Grant and a Duncan Grant for a Vanessa Bell. It would be inexcusable to make that mistake about any, or almost any, picture here. This implies development in the art of both. Vanessa Bell depends more and more on her eye to keep open a broad and easily traversed bridge between her peculiar sensibility and that beautiful touch of hers which is becoming, if it has not already become, masterly. Once she has been duly affected, she has only to paint what she sees. Her vision and what she feels for it are so perfectly fused that she never fears for a moment that either will let her down: she has only to paint and the outcome will be as solid as masonry. Duncan Grant has deliberately called the intellect into play. Here are pictures as considerately executed as a Picasso or a Bronzino. To come nearer home, they are such *works* of art as are the best Constables; and by "the best Constables," naturally, I do not mean those licked-up things that the master found it necessary to produce to satisfy the Royal Academy, but things such as those versions —you cannot call them sketches—of *The Leaping Horse* and *The Haywain* which are now at South Kensington.

Consider the splendid series of river-pieces (e.g., Nos. 7, 21, 34), and especially No. 7, *Rotherhithe*. Its air of fresh directness notwithstanding, this is a highly elaborate composition. It was by taking thought, deep thought, that the artist organised those lovely patches of delicately accorded colour. Unity was obtained, not by any formula we may be sure, nor yet by pure instinct, but by logic—painters' logic; and had the patches been unified in a geometrical pattern Mr. Herbert Read himself might have hailed it as "purest form of abstract art, attaining"—or even "really attaining"—"to the condition of music": he might have gone so far as to mention Plato even, or Pater. Luckily, Duncan Grant has kept his eye passionately on the object, thereby transfusing into his picture an emotion which no purely abstract painter, with the exception of Picasso, has as yet succeeded in conveying. No one, I trust, will accuse me of hostility to abstract art, nor yet of an extravagant fondness for representation; but I must confess that in *Tower Bridge* (No. 34) the sense of the boat being in and on the water, a sense so definite that one can almost take the measure of its load, or, to be exact, can feel that it has no load at all, gives me exquisite pleasure—a pleasure, I may add, which thousands of sensitive amateurs have not been ashamed to feel, and, what is more, the greatest painters have been at pains to give.

In these river scenes it is of Constable that Duncan Grant makes one think. The freshness and gaiety of the vision which, once felt, could easily have been rendered in a sketch (see almost any sketch by either artist) have not been left to make their sharp but comparatively short appeal. The artist has not been content with gracious symbols; the subject, the reality behind the vision, has been explored and meditated till it has given up all its meaning. Still more is this apparent in still-lives such as *The Stove*, where that inspiration of a fellow seeker, without which I am persuaded few artists can find themselves, has been provided not so much by Constable as by Cézanne. Here the effort to arrive at an ultimate analysis of forms and colours—the artist's last word—is allowed to reveal itself frankly. Decoration is deliberately excluded; and amateurs of Duncan Grant's *prime-sautière* manner (if I may be allowed a French epithet for which I can find no equivalent) will be horrified, I daresay, by the way in which he throws away ace after ace: I am a little. But only by such spend-thrift courage can the game he is playing be won. Layer after layer of beauty has been obliterated to arrive at a final and watertight statement. Only at such a price could the artist make of vision and sensibility "quelque chose de solide et de durable comme l'art des musées."

The beauty and seriousness of Duncan Grant's interpretation and the thoroughness of his explorations have led me to pronounce the names of Constable and Cézanne. There is another aspect of his art which is Italian rather than English or French, and tempts one to pronounce the awful name of Piero della Francesca. At least the depth and subtlety of certain skies, those of the *Rotherhithe* (No. 7), or *The Pond* (No. 14), do make me think of Arezzo or, more truthfully if less romantically, of the National Gallery. Observe how, sometimes, the effect of atmospheric depth is obtained by minute gradations of tone in a gamut which consists of a few tones only; for here is the unobtrusive signature of a master. Sensibility has been mated with science. The difficulty of creating these delicate yet elaborate depths, and at the same time relating them to the rest of the picture, must have been appalling. Duncan Grant's gifts were never in question: by this exhibition he proves himself completely master of them, and reaffirms his right to a place in the front rank of contemporary painters.

It would be odd, indeed, to visit an exhibition of pictures by this artist without being made to think of Gainsborough. Not that Duncan Grant has ever imitated consciously or unconsciously that master; but more than any other perhaps he has inherited the Gainsborough touch—the best thing in the English tradition. Fortunately, there are several landscapes, *The Willow Tree* (No. 18), *Regent's Canal* (No. 38), to remind us of the fact. Also, there are a few decorative pastels (e.g., Nos. 44, 45) to remind those who need reminding that in Duncan Grant we possess a born decorator. That side of his art is not to the fore in this exhibition. But no serious amateur is likely to forget that he is one of those rare artists who are able easily to create gracious, fluent and acceptable forms on a large scale without falling into rhetoric or sheer emptiness; in other words that he is a decorator. In his excellent book on English painting Mr. Collins Baker waxes indignant over the fact that Alfred Stevens, the only British artist of his age with a gift for monumental design, was never given a chance of showing his powers. I hope our generation may escape a like reproach. But I should like to say, especially in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, that so far the only commissions for decoration that have come Duncan Grant's way have come, unless I mistake, from private patrons. I do mistake: many years ago he was employed by the Borough Polytechnic to paint two panels, one of which, *Bathing in the Serpentine*, I remember as a work of extraordinary beauty. The Borough fathers, however, saw otherwise, and the paintings have been effaced. To-day, talk of building is in the air. My own university, for instance, which has taken of late to cultivating a taste in the fine arts, is building itself, I am told, a remarkable library. And surely the London County Council, when it has destroyed such vestiges of beauty as remain to us, will wish to do something to make us forget its vandalism. If a wink be as good as a nod to a blind horse, a hint should be as good as a sermon to gentlemen of taste and understanding.

CLIVE BELL

FINE ACTING

AT the New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, it will be possible to see certainly for ten days after this notice appears, and it is to be hoped for longer than that, a most remarkable display of acting and producing. M. Gaston Baty's dramatisation of Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment* has run for fourteen months at the Theatre Montparnasse in Paris, and we are deeply indebted now to Mr. Ronald Adam for giving us a chance to see it here. It is a very remarkable performance, indeed. It does not matter in what order one mentions the points about it which make it so interesting to different kinds of play-goers. It is significant to those who have an active interest in the theatre, either because they write or hope to write plays themselves, or because they are interested in stage-devices and in stage lighting, while the amateur of acting will be delighted and amazed by the vigour of M. Lucien Nat's interpretation of Raskolnikov. All the parts are well

sustained—notably by M. Roger Hedouin in the part of the Magistrate, M. Delaitre as Marmeladov, the broken-down ex-Civil Servant, and Mlle. Marguerite Jamois who plays the small but vitally important part of Sonia, his daughter. I mention them because these parts are emotionally of the first importance to the drama, but the other parts (the cast is long) are also acted with satisfying adroitness. For instance, that of Razoumikhine played by M. Stephane Audel, and Raskolnikov's mother, by Mlle. Germanova, a difficult part.

In case these foreign names and the fact that the play is acted in French may deter some people from going, let me assure them that the acting is so remarkable that those, like myself, who find difficulty in following a play in French are able not only to grasp the situations, but to respond even to the shades of emotion involved. And then it is a singularly beautiful spectacle. There is a closer relation between the mood of each scene and its lighting and scenery than I have often seen upon the stage.

Dostoievsky is an extraordinarily difficult novelist to dramatise; yet he is one of the most dramatic of novelists. His drama takes place in the souls of his characters, although there are violent actions enough in his stories—in *Crime and Punishment*, the murder of an old woman who is a harsh money-lender and a miser. Raskolnikov, a university student, kills her and robs her. He escapes detection and a half-witted house painter is arrested, because he was on the staircase at the time, and afterwards stole an ornament from her empty flat. Some days later at a tavern Raskolnikov meets the drunken broken-down Marmeladov who tells him the story of his own shame and failure in life. It has culminated in living on the earnings of his beloved daughter Sonia, who walks the streets to keep the family alive. Marmeladov has been led to pour out his confessions to Raskolnikov because he has divined in the young man an inner gnawing misery perhaps not unlike that which is consuming himself. The confession was a remarkable piece of acting, both on the part of M. Delaitre and on the part of the passive M. Lucien Nat who remains mostly silent. Raskolnikov has been in search of someone with whom he can be perfectly open and he clutches at Marmeladov. But Marmeladov is run over in the streets as they leave the tavern together. Raskolnikov helps the family and thus becomes acquainted with Sonia who, as readers of the book will remember, is the means of his saving his soul at last. It is she who persuades him that he will never regain peace until he has confessed and saved an innocent man from punishment. You will remember in the end of the book these two go to Siberia together.

How bald and inadequate this account is! How has M. Baty succeeded in getting so much of the spirit of Dostoievsky across the footlights? He has divided the play into three parts and twenty brief scenes. Of course, it is not possible here to give an account of each one of them, though not a single one is unimportant in creating the whole effect which proves in the end overwhelming. But by selecting one or two of these scenes I may be able to suggest what those who see this play will experience. In the first scene, we are in the study of the Magistrate, or Juge d'Instruction. It is rather dim, lit only by the lamp on his desk, and there are only one or two pieces of furniture in front of a high dark curtain. He is talking to his young cousin, a student friend of Raskolnikov. They are talking about crime, the Russian "soul," the desire to seek suffering for its own sake, and in the course of this conversation, which has a certain tension in it for the spectator, the Magistrate mentions as a symptom of a dangerously sick soul an article which he happens to have read by a young man in a magazine, arguing with a curious passionateness that great men may legitimately commit even the worst crimes in order to achieve a necessary step in their careers. The article is by Raskolnikov, and the Magistrate learns from his cousin that the author is a poor ambitious student, remarkably gifted and sensitive-minded. The scene has taken only a few minutes, and after a moment or two of blackness, we find ourselves looking at a long strip of staircase in some poor rat-riddled tenement. We can see two landings at the same time. On the top one lives the money-lending old woman. Two house-painters are singing at their work, talking and chaffing. They rattle down the stairs, and presently up them comes the gaunt black figure of a young man in an exceedingly shabby frock-coat and top hat. He is counting the stairs as he mounts. It is Raskolnikov. And on the top landing outside the old woman's door he stops a moment, feels first his breast where the small axe is hidden and then his pulse. He speaks his thoughts aloud in a sort of dream, then rings the bell. There is a rapid interchange of remarks with the woman within, and he disappears. The whole scene is a successful translation into the visual of a psychological moment of macabre and tragic intensity. I have not time to describe his escape, how he rattles down those rickety stairs in the nick of time to avoid running into two other students, who have come to borrow petty cash from the old woman, and find that she has been murdered! Once more for a brief moment in the play we see again those stairs, when Raskolnikov, obeying an odd instinct to confirm as it were the reality of what has happened, revisits the tenement, rings the bell and flies terrified when he is asked his name.

Scene III takes place in his attic. It is very brief. We see him going to bed the night after the crime. Scene XIV, outside the cemetery where Marmeladov has just been buried, stands out in my recollection as charged with the religious spirit of Dostoievsky, and the later scene in the Magistrate's study between him and Raskolnikov as one of astonishing psychological subtlety. The Magistrate is certain that he has before him the murderer of the old woman, but he has no evidence unless he confesses. Only Sonia can make Raskolnikov do that, and the scene in the brothel in which she does so is extraordinarily moving. M. Nat's measured and precise expression of extreme emotion throughout is one of the finest pieces of acting I have seen for a long time.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

NOT UP TO STANDARD

WHAT is one to say about *Schwanda*, the first of the novelties to be presented this season at Covent Garden? In the first place, that once the first-night audience, fresh from its cultural exercises at the "Ring," grasped the fact that *Schwanda* was not to be taken too seriously, they enjoyed themselves far more than they seemed to have done either at *Fidelio* or the "Ring." And this is the danger of putting on such an opera at Covent Garden. It may be more successful in drawing the public than any other. A few short-sighted persons may say "All the better, the money made out of this opera will put on better operas." But I think this is a delusion. It is far more likely that if *Schwanda* is the financial success its easy-goingness, unexactingness promises, then the demand for more Schwandas will be irresistible. It takes many years of hard and persistent activity preparing a public for real works of art; a tradition has to be established and maintained, and it is only by virtue of this tradition and the prestige that comes with it that a *large* public is brought to Covent Garden. Once this is relaxed, once people imagine that it is in quite as good taste to go to *Schwanda* as to *Don Giovanni*, *Otello*, or *Fidelio*, then good-bye to *Don Giovanni*, *Otello*, and *Fidelio*! For these three operas, for example, demand a concentrated attention and a degree of mental and emotional development in the audience which *Schwanda*, and works like it, do not demand at all. Such errors of judgment derive from mixing business with art—two things which can never be mixed with profit to either. One must hark on this theme again and again. If we want opera at Covent Garden, it must be subsidised. The attempt to make it pay can only result in the end in turning Covent Garden into a sort of Coliseum or Alhambra. And this is naturally without any reflection on the quality of entertainment provided for the public at either the Coliseum or the Alhambra. There is a place for entertainment (this hardly needs saying, since entertainment in a modern city like London

occupies nearly all the available place and space !) and a place for art; but art is *not* entertainment. Some readers may be surprised at this statement, but Verdi, at the height of his success, declared that his operas were not entertainments, and he rightly hated the idea that music should be considered an entertainment.

Nor should it be considered as "educational." In fact, in my opinion, the attitude of earnest people who want music to be used as a cultural agent in educating others (never themselves !) is worse than the mere business attitude which regards it as a profitable entertainment. Music is just an experience, like a walk in the country, or climbing a mountain, or a swim in a river, or getting up to see the dawn. To go up the mountain in a funicular railway, to see the dawn in bed by television, to float across a river on a bladder, or to motor through the country on a cement road—these may be all amusing, but they are not the same thing as the first series of activities; in fact, they may be called, in distinction, passivities.

I was extremely passive during *Schwanda*. First of all the overture amused me in a way that no good overture does. It amused me to be reminded how hard it is to write an overture. To hear the overtures of Beethoven, Mozart, Gluck, Weber, Berlioz, and even Wagner, one would not think so; but to listen to Herr Weinberger trying to write an overture is depressingly amusing. The first part of *Schwanda* is terribly boring because there is nothing that distracts one's attention from the music; but from the moment the bagpipe player, who gives his name to the piece, uttered the fatal words to his peasant wife Dorota: "May the Devil take me if I kissed the Queen (the Queen with the icy heart who took a fancy to his playing—heaven knows why !) *once !*" and descended immediately *via* a trap-door to Hell we—to copy Queen Victoria—were amused. The scene in Hell is a jolly ridiculous operatic farce with a most amusing Devil who is rightly bored by everything and everybody. But even this light entertainment could not induce me to face the prospect of the sentimental home-coming of Schwanda to Dorota in the last scene, and so I left in benevolent mood produced by the Devil. This opera *Schwanda* has been banned by Herr Hitler in Germany, where it was immensely popular, because it has been found that Herr Weinberger, its composer, is not an entirely Aryan Czecho-Slovak. Well, Germany's gain is our loss.

It is the artists themselves who usually let their art down, and we had an example of it this week at the fifth concert of the B.B.C.'s Music Festival when Bruno Walter conducted a Weber-Bruckner programme and played (the solo pianoforte part) as well as conducted Mozart's Concerto in D Minor. This last was not an edifying performance, and I am amazed that Bruno Walter should have done such a thing. Someone said to me during the interval: "I didn't think it was a good performance, but I suppose it could only be done with a children's concerto." I wonder what Bruno Walter, who is a genuine admirer of Mozart, thinks of that ! I am sure he would not relish the fact that he gave the impression that the D Minor concerto was a "children's concerto." Nevertheless this is what he is doing for Mozart when he gives such a dilettante performance. It was nothing but a faint photograph (and a poor photograph at that !) of the work. Also it demonstrated the fact that for a proper realisation of such a work it needs a professional conductor *and* a professional pianist, both of the highest class. To see and hear Bruno Walter trying both to conduct and to play this work will prove once for all that it should not be attempted.

It may be that we are wrong in expecting so high a standard in the concert-hall. Perhaps all music should be amateur music, composed only by amateurs and performed only by amateurs. But in that case there should be no public performances. The amateur should play for himself and a few intimate friends. There is a case for this and for the total abolition of all public concerts. But to belong to neither world, as Bruno Walter did during this performance, is not an edifying or agreeable position, and I hope Bruno Walter will not put himself in it again. If he had presented us with a performance of a Mozart symphony on the level of his own playing of the pianoforte concerto one would have wondered what had happened to him. He certainly would not have won his reputation as a conductor by performances of that kind.

W. J. TURNER

THREE FILMS

It Happened One Night.—*Tivoli.*
Camping Troubles.—*Regal.*
Viva Villa !—*Empire.*

THE film industry has its own vocabulary of superlatives. One firm used to employ a private set—it distinguished its product as "Jewels," "Super-Jewels," and "Super-Jewels-de-luxe." All these nice names are deserved by such a picture as the one at the Tivoli, which happens on only one night in a thousand. Not since *Trouble in Paradise*, too ironical for the general, has there been a film so delightful. Why ? Not because of the story—spoilt millionaires' daughters and drunken newspapermen Sir Galahads have bored us before, and this film is intrinsically nothing but the old formula of so many feet of celluloid between their meeting and getting into bed. Not, or not only, because of the direction—Frank Capra showed in his overlauded *Lady for a Day* that he could be heavy-footed. It is because all the characters are conceived as such charming people. To have pleasing people in it is an asset in a film that outweighs any defects. His characters are three-quarters of the charm of Clair's films. Irrespective of what they do, one enjoys the time spent in their presence, just as one does not grudge time spent at a tea-party in the company of engaging strangers. Whether Colbert and Gable are really nice is a question not germane. But in this picture characterful dialogue, an expressive script and sensitive direction make them incarnate figures so irresistible that before the end we are in agony lest their misunderstandings should continue and they should not find out till too late—what we know all along—how necessary it is for them to marry one another. *It Happened One Night* has no special merits of social significance in its subject, personality in its stars, brilliance or imagery in its visual effects, it is just an outstanding example of how entertaining a well-made talking film can be.

The all-sidedness of Disney's genius has long been recognised. His talents are not limited to musical felicity, pictorial whimsy (as in *Funny Little Bunnies*), or pure comedy (as in *Playful Pluto*). The characterisation in *Three Little Pigs*, and the universalisation of all kinds of infant experience in *Lullaby Land*, are examples of his strength when he leaves the purely plastic on an expedition into the possibilities of drama. *Camping Troubles* is an example of power in the realisation of horror. When Flossie the Cow kicks the mosquito on its proboscis, and it complains to its grandfather, the consequences should make all the Dracula-builders and would-be thrill-mongers grovel to the dust in shame. The inexhaustible array of myriads of mosquitoes that immediately advances for revenge owes, it is true, not a little of its terror to the deep-seatedness of this conception in our race-experience. It occurs in every folk-lore, usually as assistance to the third son: the power of the multiplication of little things. But when the mosquito cloud rises and assumes momentarily the shape of one single giant mosquito, Disney definitely commands the elemental forces of nature and soars from the real to the frankly transcendental. Only Machen's *The Terror* is a parallel. And only Disney could perceive the awe-inspiring effect of an unbroken mosquito hum.

It is not because Beery's Villa may misrepresent its original that it must be decried, but because it is silly. Garbo's Queen Christina and Bergner's Queen Catherine move one, not because of their likeness to historical figures, but because the two studies, one of a woman whom circumstances have made

aloof, the other of a child hardening into an Empress, are conceptions of a certain nobility. The story of *Viva Villa!* the story of the peasant avenger, ruthless scatterer of corruption and too simple himself to be corrupted, fires the blood as no other historical subject, reduced to a personal squabble in the modern fashion, has done for years. It does not matter if it is romanticised here, it is kept on the grand scale, and its fierceness produces in the audience an almost audible sharp intake of the breath that we have not felt in all the intervening time since D. W. Griffith, sentimental Ku-Kluxer, used to put Centuries and Empires on the screen. But compare this with a Griffith. Only Henry B. Walthall, graduate of that time and little Colonel in *The Birth of a Nation*, shows as Madero any perception of the fact that he is a real character. All his associates are stock vamps and villains out of an Ernie Lotinga melodrama. Beery, who is in any case not a very good actor, plays Villa like a cringing half-witted child. If he blacked his face he would be the epitome of all that Hollywood ever allows Negroes to be on the screen. But this is probably how Hollywood conceives the peon, as a white-faced nigger. It is interesting that the conclusions of *Viva Villa!* and *Thunder over Mexico* (viz., that all the goings-on portrayed resulted in present happiness, prosperity and liberty), are identical even almost to the phrasing of the *envois*.

IVOR MONTAGU

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Ladies-in-Waiting" at the Westminster Theatre

Nine ladies are mysteriously segregated on Una's wedding eve. The play opens in wind, rain and darkness; pearls are stolen, dogs howl, a picture mysteriously falls from the wall, and all the old impedimenta of melodrama are employed, so that when a wedding dress was to be conveyed by aeroplane one suspected anachronism. But Mr. Cyril Campion has made concessions as well to contemporary taste. The play is set on the Yorkshire Moors (remember the Brontë boom), and there is much talk of spiritualism. The plot turns on the identification of a mole, so that the heroine can disrobe with discreet provocation. And when to-morrow's bride is about to be murdered attention is dissipated by a ballet of three pyjamaed graces, who posture about the bedroom "murmuring platitudes in stained glass attitudes." Mr. Campion tries to make the best of several worlds, and so has weakened a neat plot. His characters are puppets about whose life—or death—it is impossible to care a rap. Miss Catherine Lacey, playing the girl-detective, admirably conveyed intellect in action, and Miss Clare Harris brought to the cook such gusto of conviction that every time she left the stage the audience longed for her return. Miss Casartelli did what she could for the villainess. But she really should not, to take a final curtain, gaily clamber back through the very window out of which she has only a moment before plunged to suicide and certain death.

"The Dark Tower"

Even as a piece of simple playhouse huckstering—beyond which category I presume *The Dark Tower* makes no pretensions—this nonsense at the Shaftesbury has grave defects. Granted the hypnotic villain of a husband, whose great-actress wife is helpless beneath his spell; granted his most unnatural murder and the disposal of the body in a roomy cupboard of the Dorchester Hotel; granted the interminable expositions in the "As I remember it, Adam" mode, there is still room to resent the casting of Miss Edna Best in the part of the hypnotist's dummy, and inducing the public to come and see her perform evolutions which any unknown actress could accomplish with equal perfection. More serious still is the failure of the "surprise" ending. No swift intuitive gleam is needed to connect up the appearance of a quite incredible foreigner wishing, for no explained reason, to murder Stanley Vance, with the statement, repeated at five-minute intervals in the first act, that one of the chief and most interested parties in the play is a magnificent actor. And it is difficult to write without bitterness of the flat tedium of the third act when the secret has already been guessed. Alleviations of the evening consist of an ably nauseous presentation of mean corruption by Mr. Francis Sullivan as Vance, and some really brilliant work by Mr. Basil Sydney, who does all possible to hold the piece together in a vein of facetious irony which he makes improbably amusing.

Ballet at the Mercury

Marie Rambert's ballet club has now a public theatre at its disposal in the Mercury Theatre at Notting Hill Gate, and it opened its first regular season of ballet performances last Monday night, when three ballets were presented to an enthusiastic audience. One of the three, *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*, is a new ballet by Ninette de Valois, the chorographer of the Vic-Wells ballet. The scene is Manet's celebrated picture, and Pearl Argyle achieved a make-up very like the original girl behind the bar, and showed that she has skill as a mime as well as a dancer. The principal part in this attractive ballet, however, was that of Alicia Markova as La Goulue, the can-can dancer. Markova was as near perfection in this role as one could wish; her costume was delightful and she mimed and danced with a lightness and piquancy of allure which probably surpassed that of any can-can dancer. The music by Chabrier made no small contribution to the success of this ballet.

Mermaid, a ballet by Andrée Howard and Susan Salaman, has one specially attractive scene, that when the Mermaid comes up from the sea. This was admirably contrived, and Pearl Argyle gave a delightful performance as the Mermaid. The music by Ravel is not very pleasing, except for a few moments in this scene where it is especially appropriate to the chorography (a matter of selection, this, for it was not composed for the ballet). The third ballet, *Les Masques*, is the least pleasing of the three, but it has some charming music by Poulenc. All lovers of ballet ought to support this venture. The programme is changed every three nights.

A New French Film

Pêcheur d'Islande (the new French film at the Academy) could only avoid the exaggeration and insincerity of the novel, by shamelessly neglecting it and concentrating on a series of seascapes, handsome sailors worthy of Frère Yves, etc., etc. But the director follows the original too faithfully; though we have good shots of rigging, marine *bistros*, processions in honour of the Virgin Mary; and Yvette Guilbert adds distinction to the role of a gaga old grandmother. The heroine wore rather a tense expression suggestive of feeling her engagement to have been a mistake from the beginning; and the harbour bar moaned a sight too much. I came to the film, feeling that Pierre Loti, shocking writer as he is, was, perhaps, the man for a scenario. But I came away with the impression that he was not even that, but merely a shocking writer. For the director had been as reverential as he could be to his author, and never became vulgar for an instant. One alteration should be made. In order to brighten up the screen for a minute we are shown the wedding of Yann, whereas if I remember the book aright, the whole point is that he could never get married as he was already affianced to the sea. Which was just like Pierre Loti. I suspect this of being another film which would have profited from the thick-skinnedness of Hollywood.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 18th—
"Götterdammerung," Covent Garden, 5.15.
Harriet Cohen, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

SUNDAY, May 20th—
Eisenstein's "The Battleship Potemkin," and "The General Line," International Centre, Oaklands, Hildenborough, Kent, 3 and 7.

MONDAY, May 21st—
"As You Like It," Regent's Park.
"Arabella," Covent Garden, 8.

TUESDAY, May 22nd—
Mr. Ramsay Muir on "The Liberal Case for Political and Social Reconstruction," Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, 8.

WEDNESDAY, May 23rd—
Protest Meeting against the Sedition Bill organised by the Council of Civil Liberties, Kingsway Hall, 8.
Public Meeting on "Child Guidance and the Citizen of the Future." Speeches by Dr. William Moodie and Miss E. M. Delafield. Montefiore Hall, 28 St. John's Wood Road, 8.30.
"Ruy-Blas," Cambridge Theatre.

FRIDAY, May 25th—
Mr. Holford Knight on "The Present Position of Divorce Reform," 34 Red Lion Square, 8.

Current Literature

NEW NOVELS

An Altar in the Fields. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Proud Man. By MURRAY CONSTANTINE. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.

An Unexpected Guest. By BERNADETTE MURPHY. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Island Magic. By ELIZABETH GOUDGE. *Duckworth.* 7s. 6d.

Cossack Girl. By MARINA YURLOVA. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

A young writer called Dick and a young actress called Rose fall in love and marry. They are Americans, the period is the boom before the slump, and both have private means. Rose is tormented by a conflict between her love, which drives her to merge her personality and life in Dick's, and her desire for a career and independence, and so nearly drives him to drink. They drift apart, are deliciously reconciled and, upon the depreciation of Dick's stock, flee to Europe to live upon Rose's savings. But the conflict continues. Dick is influenced by a Jungian psychiatrist and decides that his writing is not worth while; Rose is influenced by two corrupt women, though she remains technically faithful; and the drifting apart recommences worse than before. He persuades her, however, that America needs them and that they need America, partly because he cannot bear their compatriots in Paris, partly because he realises the truth of the Jungian's dicta that "habitual travelling is habitual flight," and that "freedom consists in incorporating necessity in our wills." First, however, they have one more flight, this time to the Sahara, where, for the third (or was it fourth?) time they make their "first true marriage bed." Returning home, they buy a farm and settle down to parenthood and (one fears, though neither they nor their creator seems apprehensive) to a life of extremely hard manual labour. Thus is built the altar in the fields.

Mr. Lewisohn lays great emphasis on the modernity of Rose and Dick; they are represented as exemplifying the best and worst of contemporary youth. He himself is far from being a "modern writer"; he clings engagingly to the old culture and has undergone a loving discipleship to Henry James in his simpler phases and to the Meredith of *Modern Love*. This, of course, would not necessarily invalidate him as a creator of young characters expressing their decade; but his being the sort and calibre of writer he is means that he concentrates on thoughts rather than words and actions, on the inner life, the soul rather than the *persona*. This is well, for where he attempts the indivisible outer impression made by Mrs. Bareham and Mr. Langtry on their fellow-lodgers, he leans to rather trivial caricature; and, as regards conversation, when a young woman refuses Dick an embrace, he protests: "I can't believe that of you, Gertrude. You have a glow, an ardency." The trouble is that what his nature leads him to concentrate on is, in the case of Rose and Dick, hardly there. They are almost non-existent except when in relation to someone or something else. It is not only that their egotistical reflections and intellectual conceptions are extremely crude; it is that they are barely, in Jung's sense, conscious. Their intuitions about other people are poor, their knowledge of themselves embryonic. Thus they are unsuitable for treatment in Mr. Lewisohn's thoughtful, "psychological," leisurely and solemn manner; but eminently suitable for the newer method of monosyllabic, moronic dialogue in the course of starkly-reported pub-crawls. This error in the choice of subject-matter, this seriousness, devoid of irony, about two elementary young persons, makes the novel hollow at the heart. Its theme—the urgent necessity, if culture is to survive, of discovering something greater than ourselves whereby to live, the need of the self to attain integration with the not-self—could only have been adequately embodied by the creation of persons in whom were some seeds of nobility. Mr. Lewisohn does not convince us that such seeds lie in Dick and Rose, and we are not consoled for this failure by his graceful explicit and implicit statements of his theme. But because it is about things which matter—about values—it is interesting and not negligible.

Proud Man is, the publisher assures us, the work of a "known writer." Judging by his use of "around" and the old English "she *had me* put them all on," I take the writer to be of American origin. There seems no point in the pseudonymity, unless "Murray Constantine" is afraid of what hidebound people will think of his very sensible and unsentimental views on homosexuality and its persecution by society. The pseudonymity is annoying, for if one admires the book and cannot guess the riddle one is debarred from reading the author's other works. *Proud Man* is odd and clever and contains, in Andrew Gifford, a piece of highly skilled and successful character drawing. It has the sort of plot which sounds dreadful, and I hope no one will allow themselves to be put off by my sketch of it. Like Mr. Lewisohn, Mr. or Miss Constantine has read Jung. The narrator is a fully-conscious and integrated person (belonging to the remote future of mankind?) completely unemotional and selfless, embodying two sexes, and capable of thought-reading. He arrives on this earth from elsewhere—in space or time; and, in Part I, makes a cool, short survey of the salient features of our civilisation, touching on ethics, sexual morality, war, and our notion of ourselves. In Part II he is received in a farm where, dressed as a woman, he much upsets by his great beauty, strange stillness and strength of personality the primitive father, sons and daughter, but is recognised as a superior being by the old mother. He is then adopted by the free-thinking parson, Gifford, whom he converts to his view that you can only be aware of God by never thinking about Him. His relations with the delightful Gifford, and his interview with the Bishop who comes to enquire into their alleged immorality, are economically, satisfyingly, beautifully done. In Part III the Archangel passes on to live with the novelist Leonora, whom he meets in the British Museum reading room; and Leonora, too, is a character of some subtlety. At the end of this part he assumes male attire. His next pick-up is a neurotic intellectual called Gilbert, who has committed compulsive murders. He assists in his cure and returns to his own time or place.

As will have been gathered, the book is episodic. No person save the Archangel goes right through, and as he is supposed to be perfect he cannot develop as a result of his encounters. He does, nevertheless, alter somewhat, perhaps not with his creator's full intent; for towards the end he becomes, in his dealings with Gilbert, hardly distinguishable from a psycho-analyst. Of course he could not live for nearly two years in England and exercise his superhuman faculties without learning a good deal about the "sub-human" background and mental workings, but I doubt whether his assumptions about Gilbert and the tone of his reflections on pages 304–6 would have been so reminiscent of the Bloomsbury end of Harley Street. *Proud Man*, then, in its final quarter becomes an ordinary psychological novel, and, judged as such, suffers from a false simplification. Gilbert's cure is too quick and easy; the Archangel should have read Freud as well as Jung to discover with what tenacity we "sub-humans" cling to our infantility. And—although what I am about to say is not strictly in place here, where I try to indicate whether a writer has done what he set out to do, and whether it was worth doing—I must protest against the Archangelic view of art as "an immature occupation of no human value." The theory that art is escape from reality is generally held by people of active but immature minds who thus project their own wish for escape. For many people art is the embrace of reality by means of imagination; and the fact that it has "no permanence" is quite irrelevant.

Both *An Unexpected Guest* and *Island Magic* are much concerned with children. The former is a story of the *Thunder on the Left* type, though the tricks it plays with time are less confusing. Olivia, a hard, shallow widow of near forty, living in a pseudo-literary and artistic set, has unwillingly promised her elder brother to pay a visit, as his proxy, to their old home in Ireland. They do not know the cousins who now live there. Before going, she gives a party at which a mysterious stranger, brought by one of her friends, concocts her a potent drink; upon drinking this she finds herself "treading the thick grey dust" of her native Cullanmore. Here we are shown the Fitzgeralds: Libby (who is Olivia herself as a child), her parents, her brothers, and two young relatives Pauline and Andy—the Andy who is to be, and/or has been, Olivia's husband. An unpleasant situation is revealed to us: Fitzgerald senior is about to seduce Pauline, with whom his elder son Cornell is in love. His wife is uneasy but trustful. They are expecting a visit from an unknown London cousin. When Olivia arrives they find her clothes odd; but she is more aware of strangeness, partly because she has moments of quasi-recognition, as when Libby comes to her bedroom, partly because she observes the approaching crisis between son and father and half-remembers the horrible tragedy which is to ensue. Indeed, she suspects that she might prevent it but does nothing; and, when it is announced, flies from the house and comes to in her London flat and the present time.

Now the reader's interest in the Fitzgeralds is considerably aroused, particularly in the nice, stupid mother and the imaginative Libby; but this interest is harassed and undermined by disbelief—not in the main magical occurrence but in Olivia's extraordinary forgetfulness of the events and persons of her tenth year. Children do not forget those they have loved; yet while Libby is represented as adoring Cornell, Olivia had almost totally forgotten him. Nor, though she half-recognises the Cullanmore garden, do her parents and cousins strike her as familiar. Almost as difficult to credit is the deterioration of a Libby into an Olivia. Whereas Mrs. Fitzgerald, Libby, and the Irish background are touched in with freshness and sensibility, Olivia and her party are constructed on a stale revue-sketch formula; and from this I judge that Miss Murphy ought to confine herself to studies of domestic life.

Libby Fitzgerald is a child we feel we have encountered; but the du Frocq children of *Island Magic* are, like their names, almost too sweet to be digestible. Even their faults are made agreeable, just as the poverty of their parents, an unsuccessful farmer of gentle birth and his fascinating and clairvoyant wife, fails to interfere with any of life's essential graces. Miss Goudge, like Mr. Lewisohn in *An Altar in the Fields*, prefers to gloss over the more squalid sides of grinding a livelihood from the soil. *Island Magic* is, in fact, a modern fairy story; there is even a rich, long-lost uncle who returns unrecognised and, at the end, rescues the du Frocqs from bankruptcy. Owing to the introduction of local words, customs, and superstitions, lovers of Guernsey will probably enjoy it.

Cossack Girl is not a novel but an autobiographical account of the author's war-service from the ages of fourteen to eighteen, when she escapes to the U.S.A. It is possibly tinged with fiction here and there—it is hard to credit the lovely Marina Yurlova's preservation from sexual experience throughout her harrowing adventures—but it is no doubt true in the main, very horrible in parts, and always exciting. Its picture of military chaos, and later of revolutionary chaos, is striking and its manner is mercifully unhistrionic—even, for a book by a Russian, detached and humorous. Marina Yurlova was wounded thrice. The publisher should have explained the presence of painful and interesting snapshots which, it is clear from the story, the Cossack girl herself had no opportunity to take. E. B. C. JONES

THE CAREER OF AN ECCENTRIC

The Eccentric Life of Alexander Cruden. By EDITH OLIVIER. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To walk down a crowded London street, particularly at its busiest and noisiest hour, is to be convinced of the very narrow line that separates sanity from insanity and the "real" world from the world of dreams and phantasms. For of the passers-by, at first sight so prosaic, at least every third person proves, on closer scrutiny, to be talking to himself. Often this monologue is entirely voiceless; a slight movement of the lips, a contraction of the brows, an impatient gesture faintly but unmistakably sketched in, alone bear witness to the deep debate. Sometimes, however, the drama is audible. It has always struck me as a very strange feature of modern urban civilisation that, among the vast concourse of townspeople, each enclosed in his own personal reverie, few have a glance to spare for the eccentrics and paranoiacs, shuffling, gesticulating and muttering, who are a characteristic detail of the urban scene. Extreme eccentricity is seldom interesting; Blake survives as the wonderfully rare example of a man who combined genius—and the wide appreciation of life that genius implies—with intense absorption in a fantastic private universe. Alexander Cruden was not a genius, but, like Blake, he lived and dreamed with equal facility.

Certainly, he was the most methodical of madmen. There are not many of us whose sanity would fail to show signs of ominous wear and tear under the strain of producing *Cruden's Complete Concordance*—a work accomplished by this wild-eyed little Aberdonian bookseller within the comparatively short space of twelve months. It must be admitted that the task suited him perfectly:

> There sat Cruden (writes Miss Edith Olivier) bent over his Bible, his quill in his hand, and a long strip of paper at his side. And then, for hours at a time, in summer or winter, in fair weather or in foul, without fatigue to man or horse or hound, he enjoyed in solitude the pleasures of the chase. Sometimes a word would hide itself completely for many chapters, or even for many books. Then it would unaccountably spring again into sight, the favourite of one writer or another, and it would peep out at irregular intervals in almost every column. Now it moved along as the embodiment of some grand and leading idea, dominating a page so proudly that it was difficult to be sure that one had counted its every appearance, so completely had its meaning taken possession of the eye and mind. Then again it would slip slyly into a page, hidden in a parenthesis, or overshadowed by some polysyllabic neighbour. . . . A word once found in a puzzle is done with; it is tucked away into its place and only its separate letters continue to live. But Cruden learnt that the slow accumulation of references to any word of the Scriptures would gradually build up a noble pyramid displaying some aspect of the mind of the Lord.

Cruden's was an indomitable spirit. Before settling down to this tremendous labour of piety in the back room of his bookshop beneath the arcades of the old Royal Exchange, he had had the embarrassing and humiliating experience of being appointed French reader to Lord Derby at Halnaker House, a post which he immediately forfeited, because, although he understood the French language "sufficiently well to make a most reliable proof-corrector, yet he had not the least idea of its pronunciation. He read it aloud letter by letter, spelling each word as though reading for the press." His patron was "one of those agreeable men who dislike being bored," and nothing could be more boring than to hear a French book spelt out—in a Scotch accent—syllable by syllable. "The prospect of personally dismissing Cruden was also a boring one"; but Lord Derby had yet to discover how excruciating was the boredom that his dismissed dependant—by dint of letters and appeals and devious stratagems, which went as far as a forced incursion into the library, accompanied by *les fleuves et les rivières de larmes*—could inflict upon any man who thwarted his purpose. It was the will of God that he should officiate as the nobleman's reader, yet his lordship eventually prevailed against the Lord.

Such, too, was the spirit he showed in his love-affairs. Thrice crossed in love, on the second occasion he battled so heroically against the blindness of his neighbours and the unaccountable obstinacy of the lady herself, that his friends relegated him to the straw and squalor of a private asylum. Now came the grimmest passage of his adventurous life-story. Exposed to the brutality or indifference of his keepers, swaddled in a strait waistcoat, chained to his bed, he only escaped by cutting through the bedstead "with a knife with which he eat his victuals" and climbing out the window, still shackled, the severed leg of the bed grasped in one hand. Thus encumbered, he struggled home to London; his imprisonment was followed by an unsuccessful attempt to obtain legal redress, and then—at his sister's instigation, after he had allowed himself with quixotic valour to become involved in a street brawl—by another, but less onerous, spell of captivity. Three weeks later he was again at large, and before long had begun to canvass the Court for a knighthood.

Public recognition—at least in the form in which he would have most appreciated it, as a knight, a member of the House of Commons, or as "Corrector of the People," a dignity, no doubt modelled on that of Censor, that he had suggested himself—Alexander Cruden never achieved. Bishops and booksellers praised his Concordance; but in a period—the mid-eighteenth century—that, while it produced many enthusiasts, professed to distrust enthusiasm on its own merits, Cruden's was a lonely and awkward figure. Was he as mad as his contemporaries thought him? *The Eccentric Life of Alexander Cruden* is the picturesque and often extremely moving record of a disconcerting, exasperating, yet by no means wholly unlovable character. Just as his fanatical piety assisted him in building up his majestic Concordance, so did his lack of conventional bias enable him to become the prophet—the heroic but ineffective prophet—of nineteenth century prison reform. He toiled and moiled on behalf of the helpless gaol-birds, scolded them, prayed with them, clothed them, fed them and lectured them, badgered the Secretary of State to grant repeals and generally behaved with un-Anglican fervour. At the same time, he would turn aside from these avocations to prevent a pair of shoes being blacked on Sunday.

In spite of vicissitudes he was not an unhappy man. All his life he lived at high pressure, and—what is perhaps more important—he enjoyed the consciousness of being perpetually and inviolably right. Cruden was never out of touch with God. At the last resort he could console his pride with the reflection that, if he had not succeeded—and his abject failures were more numerous than his resounding triumphs—he must bow his head to the mysterious will of the Almighty. Behind him always was an affectionate Deity in his own image, and the vast bulk of that "invaluable" Concordance. PETER QUENNELL

THE LESSON OF RUSSIA

Russia Refuted. By WALTER DURANTY. (Selected and arranged by GUSTAVUS TUCKERMAN, Jr.). *Gollancz.* 5s.

Russia To-day. By SHERWOOD EDDY. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Red Medicine: (Socialised Health in Soviet Russia.) By SIR ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, K.C.B., M.D., and JOHN ADAMS KINGSBURY, LL.D. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

Modern Russia. By CICELY HAMILTON. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Moscow Excursion. By P. T. *Howe.* 5s.

Here are five more books on Soviet Russia of very unequal merits. Each has its own kind and degree of bias; broadly speaking, the first three are by friendly critics of the Soviet régime, the last two are avowedly hostile. And while all of them may be read with interest, Mr. Duranty and Dr. Eddy will be marked and learned and inwardly digested; they have a knowledge of their subject and a scope to which Miss Hamilton and P. T. can lay no pretensions. Sir Arthur Newsholme and Dr. Kingsbury are experts in a particular branch.

Mr. Duranty is the doyen of foreign newspaper correspondents in Moscow, where for more than thirteen years he has represented the *New York Times* (though he is himself an Englishman and not an American). He has always made it his aim to be a faithful and impartial reporter, and he has probably got as near to achieving it as any man could in Soviet Russia. The present book is a selection of his articles made by an American admirer; it ranges over the whole period since 1921 and deals with all the chief events and developments and personalities in the Russian scene. It loses something, no doubt, by not being a planned book; on the other hand, it gains in historical interest by presenting things as they were seen and commented on at the time by a first-class journalist and a shrewd observer. Mr. Duranty began in 1921, in the latter days of the great famine; he passed through the N.E.P. period to the Five-Year-Plan; and he ends by recording, in September 1933, how, thanks to a bumper harvest as well as to better measures for getting it in, fears of another famine were set at rest. There is a good deal of biographical detail—of Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and various lesser men—and it is interesting, by the way, to note Mr. Duranty's reference, as long ago as January, 1923, to "the Georgian, Stalin, little known abroad, but one of the most remarkable men in Russia and perhaps the most influential figure here to-day." It is interesting, too, to compare others of his comments in earlier days with what has happened since. Thus in 1921 he wrote that "overcrowding in Moscow forces rigid observance of the rule of only one room per person." And early in 1922, apropos of the judicial reforms and the transformation of the Cheka into the G.P.U.: ". . . a measure of civil rights and freedom not greatly different from those enjoyed in America, France or England is promised to Russians and foreigners alike."

One other quotation explains his own attitude and sums up his considered view of the "Russian experiment."

> When I came to Russia twelve years ago I was prejudiced against the Bolsheviki for a variety of reasons. And in that year of famine I found conditions terrible enough. I also found, which I had not known before, that the Russian masses had been enslaved by the Tsarist regime. . . . I found that the Soviet leaders were in the main altruists—practical altruists, if you like—honestly trying to make a disciplined and self-respecting nation out of this horde of newly liberated slaves.
>
> During twelve years I have had no reason to change this opinion. Without holding a brief for Socialism, I have watched a steady progress—by zigzags, as Lenin said, but progress none the less—toward the development and practice of a working Socialist system. When I compare the Moscow of 1933 with the Moscow of 1921, I am amazed by what has been accomplished, and the change in the position of Soviet Russia as a factor in world affairs is no less striking than Russia's advance from a backward agrarian State, economically dependent upon the industrial West, to a stage of industrial autonomy and the solid foundations of economic self-sufficiency.

Dr. Sherwood Eddy has known Russia for twenty-five years, and he has only recently returned from his tenth visit there. His book amplifies and brings up to date what he has said before, notably in *The Challenge of Russia*, published in 1931. He is one of the keenest of American radical reformers, and his judgment of the Soviet theory and practice will command a large measure of assent among Socialists—whilst some of his criticisms will not be repudiated even by sensible Communists. He finds a great deal to praise in the Russia of to-day, and a great deal that the rest of us can and ought to learn from Russia in the organisation of social welfare and in the principles that inspire the effort to found the "classless society." But he sets against this an indictment of the main faults of the Soviet regime, which are—bureaucracy, dogmatism, the repression of liberty and reliance on force. To the mischief of the first of these many Russians themselves—among them the rulers in the Kremlin—are alive; and in time, as both they and Dr. Eddy hope and believe, it will be got rid of. For the denial of liberty (which, as Dr. Eddy admits, is by no means so complete as some pretend—indeed in some parts the Russians are better than the West) and for the use of force, there is the familiar excuse of necessity. The Russian people need a strict discipline; the revolution is not yet completed; the Soviet State is still in danger from without as well as from within. But whatever weight may be allowed to these pleas few of us, unless we are of the straitest sect of dogmatists, will regard a rigid dictatorship based on force, which has involved and still involves much cruelty, as a lesson to be learnt from Russia. And many may think that even in Russia to-day it might be relaxed without endangering the fundamentals of the Socialist State.

The authors of *Red Medicine* take up some space with their views on things in general in the U.S.S.R., and these are of no special interest. But on their proper subject, the organisation of public health, they can speak with authority. Sir Arthur Newsholme had a long experience as the Principal Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, and Dr. Kingsbury was formerly Commissioner of Public Charities in New York. They spent some six weeks in Russia, and saw about as much as it was possible for two human beings to see in the time of hospitals, clinics, dispensaries, crèches, doctors, medical education, and the strong and weak points of the whole system. Perhaps the time was too short; but at any rate their conclusions on their survey cannot be easily dismissed. Their verdict is favourable. There has been remarkable progress all round, or nearly all round (dentistry still lags, and, among diseases, the typhoid rate is still very high). The number of institutions for the sick has grown out of all recognition, and the quality of the treatment, though it is uneven, is rapidly improving and is often first class. But have we, then, any lesson to learn from Russia in this sphere? Sir Arthur Newsholme and Dr. Kingsbury think we have; the lesson is the advantage of the socialisation of medicine. The U.S.S.R., they say,

> has removed the doctor almost entirely from the field of monetary competition, and has thus abolished a chief source of inadequate medical service. It has made a gratuitous (that is, State paid) medical service of an astonishingly complete character promptly available for the vast majority of urban populations, a service which is being rapidly extended to rural Russia, and it has given the whole of this service an admirable turn in the direction of social as well as medical preventive measures.

Moscow Excursion is small beer—or perhaps gooseberry wine would be a better metaphor, for it has a sparkle. The author, we gather, is an Irishwoman who took a trip to Russia last autumn. She writes in an amusing style about a good many of the familiar Soviet phenomena—the crowded trams, the non-existent bath plugs, the Intourist guides, and so forth. But sustained grousing at almost everything and everybody palls after a time. It should be said, however, in fairness to P.T., that she admits her impressions are "entirely personal and prejudiced," and that she is not one of the mere violent or crasser sort of critics who regard the Bolsheviks as Anti-Christ and hanker for the restoration of the Whites.

Miss Hamilton is more serious. She, too, is frank about her prejudices, and though she aims at keeping them in control, she finds little to approve of in the U.S.S.R. except the legalistion of abortion and the architecture of Lenin's tomb. Her profound suspicion of "eyewash" tends to narrow her vision and warp her judgment. Eyewash, of course, there is in Russia, and it is well to look out for it; but Soviet institutions and experiments are not undiluted humbug, and a good investigator should surely be at pains to discriminate. In the last analysis, however, Miss Hamilton's bias is accounted for by her sturdy (or is it timorous?) Individualism. It is not merely that she objects, as do Dr. Sherwood Eddy and many others, to the denial of this or that liberty. She sees in the "Soviet idealisation of collective man" a throwback of civilisation, a disastrous return to the ant heap—the "insect State where all are enslaved for the common good." That is an old argument which has been used often enough by libertarians and individualists against Socialism in general, and it is based on a false conception of the relations of the individual

and the community, or on a misunderstanding of what Socialists are aiming at. It is possible, no doubt, for a particular Socialist regime to pursue such an ideal. But I do not think the Russian Communists are pursuing it, or that there would be any serious chance of their succeeding if they were. Miss Hamilton has not got to the bottom either of the Marxian theory or of the Russian people.

C. M. LLOYD

THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY

Golden Years on the Paraguay. By GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J. *Burns Oates and Washbourne.* 5s.

It is claimed that this is the first satisfactory history of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, and provided one is a Roman Catholic there will be no quarrel with Father O'Neill's claim. Neither will the non-Roman Catholic quarrel with his evidence and conclusions, though some of the learned Father's assumptions —in regard to the relations of Church and State—are unacceptable; to believe, as he implicitly does, that the modern conception of the State is the work of the devil, and that revolutionaries are inspired merely by the motives of the thief, is naive. Such a view is, however, a commonplace among Roman Catholic historians; and one does not have to hold it to appreciate that in a tyrannous State—in modern Germany, for example—the churches may become the havens and stalwarts of liberty, or that in what amounted to a theocratic Arcadia, the Jesuits endured calumny and persecution with dignity and patience. It is idle to speculate on what future the converted Guarani Indians would have had under the rule of the shrewd if narrow Order; it is enough to know that the conversion was only skin deep and followed the usual lines—I quote from the testimony of Father Cardiel given in this book:

> Hence temporal matters cost the Fathers a great deal of trouble—more than the spiritual; because they find that when temporal wants are well supplied, the fervour in spiritual things is all the greater. . . . When the Indian finds himself short of food or in distress, he does not have recourse to God or the Saints, but runs off to the wilds to look for it.

and that once the Jesuits left, the Indian reverted (as he has done quite comfortably in Mexico) into semi if not complete paganism, and became the prey of a series of tyrannies which culminated in the ravaging wars of Francisco Solano Lopez. For the new ideas of liberty were not meant for Indian consumption.

In the days of the first Jesuit missionaries Paraguay extended from Peru and central Bolivia to the Straits of Magellan. The Jesuits were preceded by a Franciscan and were introduced by a Dominican. In 1614 there were 122 Jesuits in the missions, and in 1714, their "peak" period, they did not number more than 300. They were unpopular from the beginning, because they stood out strongly against that enslavement of the Indian on the *encomienda* system which the Creoles and Spaniards were bent upon. This was the root of the whole trouble, the source of all the charges against the Order. Father O'Neill has no difficulty in disposing of them. They had *not* accumulated fabulous wealth, they had no secret mines, they were not an armed State within a State. They had resourcefully and courageously rescued the tribes from the marauding Paulistas who came over the border from Brazil to carry them into slavery; they had armed the tribes and drilled them so that they could defend themselves against further attacks—which they did very finally—and the best proof of the good faith of the Fathers is, as many historians have noted, that when first the boundary dispute and, finally, expulsion came, they did not use the tribes to resist. The accusations that they engaged in commerce and that in refusing the title and status of priests while, in fact, acting in a manner indistinguishable from the priest's, are more difficult to meet in a clear-cut manner. I do not think Father O'Neill is quite happy about the question of trade, and the charge of "foreign allegiance" against the Order is the fundamental cause of its perennial political difficulties. They *had* to trade, he says, in substance, and their trade did not exceed reasonable bounds. But the objection is not to trade, and the defence that they were individually poor is true. The objection is that, collectively, they were not poor and that in insisting on their missionary status, they were (perhaps inevitably) making very much the best of two worlds. The question thus becomes much larger than a matter of settlements—it is the whole political question of the modern world of that time.

Father O'Neill's scholarly and thorough investigation leaves nothing untouched. He does not shrink from the unsavoury episode of Bernardino de Cárdenas, the Franciscan pseudo-saint, and has a suitable appreciation of this fantastic character who boasted he had burned 12,000 idols. This ungodly forger of signatures who became bishop and governor, surprised the virtuous by living to the age of ninety-one. The intrigues, the wars, the passions of this exciting and sordid colonial period are appropriately dealt with. Father O'Neill is no picturesque Knight Errant of the Cunninghame Graham kind, but his defence of the Jesuits and picture of their rise and fall in Paraguay is done reasonably, honourably and without extravagance, and is the most informative that I know.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ITALIAN STUDIES

Italian Studies. By EDWARD ARMSTRONG. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

The late Edward Armstrong, the chief English authority on Italian history in the time of Dante and in the Renaissance, was an Oxford don. "The wealth of his scholarship," we are told, "was lavished on his pupils," and his one published work on an Italian subject is *Lorenzo de' Medici* in the Heroes of the Nations Series. The present volume is a book of scraps—lectures to learned bodies, and essays contributed to different periodicals over more than half a lifetime. It cannot hope to attract a large public: a number of the essays are mere footnotes to history, or occasional pieces, pleasant to the student or academic dabbler, but of small interest to the outside world. Others, however, though still works of research rather than of letters, have a general appeal.

For instance, there is a paper on Dante the politician. Admirers of Dante have sometimes chosen to consider him a leading statesman because he was once a Prior, one of the six members of the Florentine ministry. This fond view of his consequence Armstrong undermines by pointing out that Florence had then—at a guess—30,000 inhabitants; of those, all the working classes, and seventy-three noble families in all their branches, were excluded from the government; of those remaining, only the Whites (Dante's party) had a chance at all; and a new ministry was

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chosen every two months. As to his banishment, Armstrong refuses to consider him particularly ill-used; he shared that fate with "many hundreds of worthy citizens, even less guilty of the civic troubles"; he was certainly no more tolerant than those who banished him, and the view that he was incorruptible is mere assumption. It may be added that he was not cut out for practical politics, for he could neither co-operate nor keep his temper. In exile he prided himself on having fallen out with everyone and "formed a party consisting of himself"; and towards the end of his life, it is said, "he was with difficulty kept from throwing stones at women whom in his walks he heard speaking against Ghibellines." There is a companion study of Savonarola, another victim of the weathercock populace and its ridiculous constitution, whose fate, says Armstrong, is infinitely more of a reproach to Florence. Dante, after all, had not done much for her, and "she could not know that he was to be her greatest poet"—nor would he have been, for that matter, if he had *not* been banished.

Other Dante papers are on his political theory, and that of his immediate successors, Marsilius of Padua, Rienzi, Petrarch; on his mention of contemporary sports and pastimes (meant for serious Dantists, whom I often think the happiest of mankind); on the Montagues and Capulets, proving the latter to have been neither a family nor Veronese, but the Guelf party of Cremona, nicknamed Cappelletti from their long hair—their Ghibelline opponents were "Barbarasi" and later "Tronca-ciuffi," "shavers" or "round-heads." So, says Armstrong with rather donnish humour, Burke was right enough in rejecting "the family vault of all the Capulets," for had his bones lain with them "they would have been singularly scattered."

Leaving Dante's age, we come to an essay on Machiavelli as political thinker—too short for the subject; and a study of Aeneas Silvius, with the same drawback, but very lively and attractive. Armstrong had no special literary talent, but his familiarity with the period often makes time and distance melt away: it is in the tone of contemporary gossip that he mentions, for instance, Calixtus III's very short pontificate "mainly spent in bed," or relates how the Emperor Frederick III "for some totally unexplained reason" crowned Aeneas poet. "Had he given a diploma for the best-grown cabbage the compliment would have been appreciable, for on that subject Frederick was an expert." Nothing could be more vivid than the account of Aeneas's last futile and pathetic journey, on a Crusade for which he could not get anyone else to care a straw. The dying Pope (his fellow-crusaders thought he was malingering) had himself carried to Ancona in a litter—and his attendants drew the curtains of it, that he might not see the deserters "trooping homewards from the coast." More cheerful is the story of Trissino's invasion of Venice for the Emperor Maximilian. He entered the State at the head of "some five-and-twenty ragamuffins" casually picked up *en route*; sent a message ahead ordering quarters for five thousand foot and four hundred horse; warned Vicenza that if her gates were not opened he would spare neither life, property nor sex; and received in due course the submission of town after town, yielding graciously to their entreaties not to quarter his army on them, and summoning the neighbouring peasants to come and be formed into a militia. They came, and on summer days "he could be seen in the piazza eating cherries while he drilled his troops. Very effective he looked in his white velvet tunic frogged with gold, his little gold cap stuck on one ear . . . and always a bunch of flowers. When he was tired of drill he dismissed his peasant soldiers, each with a coin to buy their lunch." All this time he had not even a commission to show, and no one asked for it. But alas! he pined to death after all in a Venetian prison.

One of the more recent papers is a good-humoured apology for the "illustrators" of the Quattrocento, among whom "just for once, the historian feels at home in art." "The art-critic may poke fun at our Gozzolis and Ghirlandaios, the 'artist-journalists' of Italy, but we historians owe much gratitude to those who have left us volume upon volume of the Fifteenth-Century Illustrated Italian News." And so, in a paper of especial charm, he mentions some of the thousand things to be met with in that abundant library. One longs to go off at once and look for them; I wish I had space to quote a few of them, failing that. Finally, I must mention two essays of living interest, on two strange "survivals"—the Spanish College in Bologna, and the Republic of San Marino; unluckily both were written in the last century, and need, or seem to need, bringing up to date.

The whole book might have been more carefully revised; there was time, surely. There are slips suggesting someone or other in a curiously dreamy state: "Carlo" Donati for Corso, a remark on the "indistinguishable" hatred of the Blacks for Dante, and one on a Pope who "would not be content with nothing less" than unconditional surrender. And these, though the oddest, are not the only ones.

K. JOHN

A PLANNED CAPITALISM

The Economy of Abundance. By STUART CHASE. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Most of us are aware that modern technique of machinery and power has made industry and agriculture in most countries so productive that they cannot work up to capacity because all the goods thus produced could not find a market. The conflict here indicated between technology and vendibility is more sharply dramatised in the United States than elsewhere, because within the last half century, and especially in the post-war years, that country has developed her machine-power more rapidly than any other. Along with that burst of material productivity has proceeded the development of a finance, so closely welded and so powerful as to harness the greater part of industry under its yoke. A generation ago the cleavage of interest between the "engineer" (the practical manager of business) and the investor had become apparent, the former concerned with the fullest operation of his plant, the latter with a profit-earning from price-control. Now it is neither the engineer nor the investor that dominates the situation, but Wall Street and its financial associates, who have their fingers in all the big industrial and commercial pies, manipulating their various forms of indebtedness for purely financial ends.

This is the picture drawn with great skill and knowledge by Mr. Stuart Chase, an American economist of well-deserved renown. The greatest service he renders is the supply of abundant statistical and factual evidence in support of theses which academic economists in America, as here, have commonly discounted as unproven. Mr. Chase, in other words, shows that the great world-depression arises from a failure of the power of purchase to keep pace with a power of production overfed by the excess of savings and investments by the wealthy minority who own the monetary claims upon the material resources.

> World vendibility worked for a hundred years and more, so long as a few industrialised nations had a lush, virgin planet to exploit. Now the virgin forest is cut-over land, and the few industrialised nations have grown to many. The only way the surplus can be coped with is to distribute it at home. And that means some kind of economic nationalism.

A policy of high wages and large expenditure on public works, including the "nationalisation" of certain key industries, such as power, transport and banking, might operate this "economic nationalism." An intelligent capitalism might be got to recognise that such large concessions were necessary in order to save its skin. But that means a discarding of their old accepted doctrines and an acceptance of Mr. Chase's thesis that the old uncontrolled, unplanned capitalism has now definitely failed and must be superseded by some central planning. Are the business classes of America sufficiently intelligent to accept this thesis and so to save themselves either from the devil of financial manipulation or the deep sea of insufficient vendibility? Mr. Chase has written the best-argued and the best-documented case for a drastic reconstruction of the economic system that has yet appeared.

J. A. HOBSON

THE IRRECONCILABLE CONFLICT

The Hour of Decision. By OSWALD SPENGLER. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Spengler's new book contains much Prussian self-exaltation, and much ferocious abuse of everyone connected with the Left. It has therefore angered English-speaking readers to such an extent that they have refused to understand it. On the principle that two things which are equally irritating must be equal to each other, most liberal-minded readers have concluded that Spengler is defending Nazism. But he is doing nothing of the sort. He says that the Nazi revolution "was no victory, for opponents were lacking . . . The seizure of power took place in a confused whirl of strength and weakness. I see with misgiving that it continues to be noisily celebrated from day to day. It were better to save our enthusiasm for a day of real and definitive results. . . . (Germans) have none of that historical experience

and force of tradition which are congenital with English life. A nation of poets and thinkers—in the process of becoming a nation of babblers and persecutors."

The Hour of Decision, aside from its vituperation, is a summary of Spengler's philosophy of history, and an application of that philosophy to the politics of to-day. The summary, however, is too brief and too angry to be understood by those who have not read *The Decline of the West*. The basis of Spengler's thought is what he calls the Morphology of History, i.e., the doctrine that a Culture, like a living organism, has a normal life-course from birth through maturity to decay. As in the case of a man's life, this course can be interrupted at any point by death, or speeded up, or even slightly delayed. But the main tendency is fixed. A middle-aged man can grow into a good old man or a bad one, a bald old man or a hairy one, but he cannot grow into a young man, or into an old man with a tail. Similarly, a Culture such as ours, which according to Spengler has reached its late middle-age, can have an old age which is rich and glorious, or an old age which is mean and disorderly; but an old age of some sort it must have, unless an accident should kill it outright.

In *The Decline of the West* these dogmatic statements were given authority and interest by the wealth of historical parallels with which Spengler supported every point in his argument. In the present book, all that is taken for granted, and the reader who does not know *The Decline of the West* will probably feel that Spengler has somehow got himself confused with God and is laying down the law preposterously. But the thesis, though clearly unprovable, is not preposterous. At its worst, it is an illuminating way of presenting history. And there is much in the contemporary world which suggests it may even be a true way.

Assuming, for the sake of understanding the new book, that Spengler's Morphology of History can be accepted, the thesis of *The Hour of Decision* is that western civilisation has reached the point which classical civilisation had reached in the centuries between Cannae and Actium, the point when the old order in religion and social life lies dead, the point when the civilisation is passing into its "late" stage, the point when the one real issue is the struggle for mastery between popular leaders and Caesarism. It is the moment when compromise in politics ceases to be possible. "That is why the English Liberal Party has vanished and why its heir, the Labour Party, will vanish in its present form. That is why the centre parties in Germany vanished without resistance. The will to the middle way is the senile wish for peace at any price, for a Switzerland of nations, for *historical abdication*, as if thereby the blows of history could be avoided. The opposition of graded social structure and town masses, of tradition and Bolshevism . . . is upon us. There is no third alternative. . . . It is the parting of the ways to Left and Right. . . . This is why *armies*, and not parties, are the future form of power."

According to Spengler, there are two possible outcomes to the struggle. We may pass into the Age of Caesars (either quickly, or after a century or more of world wars), in which case western civilisation may know a superb old age, may establish during its declining years a World Peace corresponding to the Peace of Rome; or we may be destroyed, in the midst of the fated struggle between Left and Right, by the coloured races who have learned that the white man is not invincible and who have long known that he is exasperating. In the latter case, western civilisation will have no "late" period, but will pass swiftly from middle age into decay. Hence *The Hour of Decision*. We can decide to embrace our fate, which is Caesarism, the old age of civilisations, striving to make it a proud fate, as was the old age of Rome. Or, refusing to see the inevitable, we can try to be young again. We can try to rehabilitate Christianity, or we can try to build a democratic state in a society which has lost the power to rule itself, or we can try any number of forbidden things which Spengler labels "impossible." But, according to Spengler, the end of any such effort will be death, partly at our own hands, partly at the hands of the coloured races.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Empire Unity and Defence. By Major-General J. F. C. FULLER. *Arrowsmith.* 10s. 6d.

General Fuller is well known for his lucid writings on military subjects, and his last book will enhance his reputation for consistent thought and clear statement. Pacifists and disarmament fans are likely to quarrel with his assumptions (though history suggests that the generals will have the last say); but no one who accepts the premise that war is

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the continuation of policy can raise serious objections to the argument General Fuller has built up on that premise. He attacks the inadequacy of existing machinery to secure a continuous, self-consistent Imperial foreign policy, and has worked out in some detail an alternative organisation which would secure such a policy and render it operative. The idea of an Imperial Council is by no means new, in fact it goes back to Dilke, but General Fuller has traced the implications of such an institution with much more thoroughness than previous writers on the subject. In his view the present Committee of Imperial Defence, a fortuitous, non-executive body, should be substituted by an Imperial Council which would bear the same relation to the Imperial Conferences as the Secretariat of the League of Nations bears to the Council and Assembly of the League. The Imperial tendencies expressed in the Statute of Westminster are against General Fuller, but one does not need to be in sympathy with his viewpoint to appreciate the extremely vigorous and thought-provoking analysis of inflammable material in world politics with which he reinforces his case.

Ireland's Tragic Comedians. By J. CHARTRES MOLONY. *Blackwood.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The tragic comedians are John Fitzgibbon, Wolf Tone, Robert Emmet, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The first-named, one of Ireland's Twelve Worst Men and a chief perpetrator of the Union, acts as a foil to the three saints of Irish revolutionary nationalism. Fitzgibbon, the realist, after realising all his public ends and his private ambitions, could not sleep at nights without the apprehension of seeing his wife and children butchered before his eyes. Insult was not averted from his dead body, and his hidden tombstone was only found a hundred years later when some pious enthusiast sought at St. Peter's, Dublin, for the unknown resting place of Emmet. This study is not exactly a rehabilitation; but Fitzgibbon may have been maligned by Lecky, and Mr. Moloney seems on the whole to prefer the realist to the idealist, while allowing that the doom of Irish politics awaits both alike. As is the contradictory way in Ireland, the three patriots were members of the Protestant Ascendancy, one of them an aristocrat, whereas the Lord Chancellor came of the plain people, being the son of Roman Catholic peasants. Mr. Moloney defends Fitzgibbon's sincerity; he advocated the Union from the point of view frankly of the interests of the class into which he had climbed, and yet he had probably stronger intellectual and emotional convictions than Tone, whose adoption of the National Cause had in it something of the irresponsibility of the gambler. "Tone gave his life to keep a promise he had made to himself." Mr. Moloney rates Tone's intelligence highly, almost as highly as that of Fitzgibbon; but thinks that in the end, in his aspect as a playboy, he came near to being a bore to himself and others. Fitzgerald and Emmet, on the other hand, were attractive mediocrities, brave men indeed who yet would have won immortality in no other country but Ireland. All four studies are interesting and original; there should be a fruitful ground in Irish biography for the further application of the modern sceptical method and the modern distrust of abstract judgments.

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About Motoring

THE NEW SINGER

PRIVATE owners feel a righteous indignation when any factory launches a new model in May. The effect is much the same as if Worth and Doucet suddenly changed the fashionable styles and colours a fortnight after all the smart women had rigged themselves for the season. So the Singer people must not expect their new 11 h.p. saloon, just introduced, to be greeted with affectionate and adoring noises. If a man has just bought a new 1934 model, designed on moderately conventional lines, and hears in the train one fine May morning that his next-door neighbour has been rewarded for indecision and procrastination by acquiring a far more modern and interesting vehicle at less money, he registers acute annoyance. He may even build up a life-long complex against the authors of his shame, in this case the Singer engineers, who have just made all cheap light cars obsolescent. Our natural indignation can be smoothed out only if we view the crime from the factory end. Imagine that the Singer sales were such that the stock of parts of their previous model threatened to run out by Easter, 1934. Two alternatives confronted the board, viz., to manufacture a further stock of parts and continue production of an inferior car, which would obviously be an engineering crime of the first magnitude; or to convulse the light-car world by marketing a 1935 model in May, 1934. This latter alternative is an unsocial act. It has cast many men and women into surly gloom, who three brief weeks ago were throwing chests and bursting with pride because their temples, miscalled garages, newly housed 1934 cars of a conventional type. It has driven sleep from the beds of many retailers who after prolonged thought had signed large contracts for 1934 cars which will be difficult to sell in competition with this new Singer. Only a Vatican casuist could decide the morals of the whole business. And he would err from the truth, since a *soutane* seldom covers intimate knowledge of the motor trade, and he would not perceive that in such affairs time brings its own revenges. The Singer people will not be able to change this startling 11 h.p. model appreciably in the autumn; and by that date their rivals will have prepared cars which will offer all the new 11 h.p. Singer can boast, plus certain added novelties. For the moment the Singer, like Bradman, is in the limelight. By November Bradman will have sailed for Melbourne, and the Arsenal's latest centre forward will have filched his place in the sun. Let the Singer bask itself now; time will bring its revenges.

Priced at £240 with the standard saloon body, this new Singer embodies every super-modern innovation. It has independent front-wheel springing. It has a fluid flywheel—appallingly named a "flui-drive." It has a four-cylinder engine, with overhead camshaft, driven in two stages by silent chains. It has a cruising speed of over 50 m.p.h., and can attain about 70 m.p.h. It has a four-speed gear box with helical pinions for the second and third ratios, which, thanks to the special engine coupling, is almost as simple to control as the Wilson pre-selector type of box. It disdains but one fashionable novelty, namely, the alleged streamlining of the coachwork, about which the American factories have gone crazy this winter, following the example of the Riley "Kestrel" outline. But if any reader fancies this type of coachwork, he can procure it by ordering his Singer through Airstream, Ltd., of 122A High Street, London, N.W.8, as they supply a special version of the Fitzmaurice streamlined saloon body on this chassis. I have owned and driven one of these streamlined saloons (a Riley) for two years, and as the result of my experiences consider it is time for somebody to "debunk" this streamline business. It is, of course, effective on really fast cars and at really high speeds; it is indispensable for record-breaking purposes. But for the average sedate tourist the streamlined saloon is in no sense more efficient than any other modern type. The fractional decrease in air resistance at normal touring speeds will not make itself perceptible either in silence or economy or acceleration. Buy such a body by all means, if you wish to be

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fashionable, or if you relish its lines; but its practical merits are near to zero, and it may even create sundry small inconveniences with regard to the details of the stern cockpit. I think the Singer people were wise to pass it by for their main output, especially as they have arranged for the Airstream company to provide a special model for faddists.

On the road the individuality of the new Singer betrays itself principally in the riding of the car. It has full balloon tyres, which in themselves would confer easy travel; but the chief merit lies in the separate springing of each front wheel, so that the floor of the whole car does not rise when one front wheel hits a bump. The nett result is a degree of comfort never before associated with so small and light a vehicle.

The rest of the specification is entirely modern. Self-cancelling traffic signals are included. There is a free wheel in addition to the flui-drive. The frame is of the rigid cruciform pattern, preferred by the best modern practice. The power unit is flexibly mounted, so that its four-cylinder construction attains the standards associated with six cylinders in the old days of rigid mounts. The electric installation embodies armoured cables, and is unusually well fused, in contrast to many cars on which the failure of a single fuse puts large sections of the electric fittings out of action. There is a concealed luggage compartment in the tail, though its capacity is not large; it is not possible to house bulky cases under cover without disfiguring a car of this size. The brakes are Lockheed, with remarkably accessible and simple adjustment; moreover, the hand brake is no mere parking brake, but will stop or hold the car on severe gradients without help from the foot brake. The tax is £11, and the fuel consumption should average 25 miles to the gallon. The maximum speed is stated as 70 m.p.h., which is attained by speedometer, but may not be verified by a stop-watch—I thought the speedometer read a little fast. On the other hand, the car is deceptively fast, because its remarkable suspension encourages a driver to maintain speed over waved or bumpy roads, where he would normally slow down considerably if he had standard front springing and smaller tyres. The car will be very popular throughout the summer, as it has stolen a definite march on all competitors at anything like its price.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 218

Set by John Moore

A novelist's postbag contains a good many curiosities. A specimen chosen from my own comes from an indignant gentleman who begins: "Sir, I have just finished a most distasteful task—that of reading your last book." He goes on to complain, at some length, of the "sensual garbage" and the "bare filth" which I have committed to print and which is "an insult to every decent woman and a libel on the Modern Girl." He ends that he consigned the book to the fire.

I am at a loss to know how I am to reply to such an unsolicited testimonial, and I should be glad to have the suggestions of readers, for which a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered. The reply, I feel, should be brief and subtle; it should not be as rude as that of my correspondent.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 25th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 216

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The Greek Oedipus has just discovered that his name occurs many times in Freud's Lectures and brings an action in the English Courts for libel on the grounds of defamation of character. Write a summary of the final speech for the plaintiff in not more than 500 words. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

This has been the most difficult piece of judging I have ever had in these competitions. The standard was high and from those names mentioned below it was torture to settle upon the winner. Competitors fell into two classes: the orthodox and the original. The former took the line that Freud's libel (and error) lay in the fact that Oedipus did not know that Laius was his father and Jocasta his mother. But surely it is the point in Freud that these Oedipan desires *are* unconscious. "Southron" and P. C. Marr wrote the best expositions of this view. Among the "originals" were T. E. Casson, who wrote an excerpt from Aristophonic comedy:

> For like that Spermologue Euripides,
> He hath wrapp'd me, a hero, in foul rags,
> Speaking of such things as an "Oedipus complex."

He had some good rant. "Lamentable" made the plea hardly likely to be successful in an English court, that the dignity of Oedipus as a moral fable and celebrated scandal had been damaged. Eremita made a discreet appeal to the fair-play code and the right of a foreign monarch to live in undisturbed seclusion in Tunbridge Wells. Eremita, of course, ignores the obvious plea of justification. In consequence, I think Mr. Guy Hadley's farce beats him by a short head.

FIRST PRIZE

THE PLAINTIFF (who conducted his own case):

Well, boys, the first thing I want you to know is that there was a psycho in Thebes, name of Xanthippus, who spilled all this Freud stuff centuries ago. Sure he did.

This dirty-minded modern faker accuses me of murdering my father and sleeping with my mother. But he doesn't leave it at that, like the sheriff in Montana. Plain, honest mud isn't good enough for him, he has to fix me up with a Complex as well. Gee, it's like asking Babe Ruth which opera he thinks of when he's playing baseball.

O' course, I bumped off old man Laius; you'd a-done the same yourself. He had it coming to him all right, the cheap skate; drilled holes in my feet with a bradawl when I was a kid and then slung me into the street.

But I was a tough baby, and when we hit the same trail twenty years later I beat him to it. That wasn't murder, it was self-defence.

Next thing I heard was that the Sphinx was playing hell in the back blocks; say, Dillinger was just an angel compared with that monster.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

DRURY LANE. Three Sisters. Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.

GLOBE. Biography. Thurs. & Sat.

H'DROME. Mr. Whittington. Mon. & Th.

NEW. Crime et Chatiment. Thurs., Sat.

PALACE. Why Not To-Night. Wed. & Th.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Mon., Thurs.

PICCADILLY. Counsellor-at-Law. Tu. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. The Old Folks at Home. W. & S.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

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Now if I'd had a guilty conscience wouldn't I have taken the next boat home? But I didn't, see. I walked right up to that fire-eater, and when he shot off the three riddles that had everybody guessing, I came across with a knock-out for each one of them. It was easy, folks, I'd heard 'em all before on the stock market in Corinth. The first one——

THE JUDGE: I cannot admit the nature of the conundrum to be relevant evidence.

THE PLAINTIFF: O.K. Chief. Well, as I was saying, they took the Sphinx away and buried him in sections. Then out comes the Queen from the Big City to shake me by the hand.

And here's where I show up another old fairy-story. Jocasta was no more my mother than the Great Garbo herself. (Sensation in court.) The Thebans all thought she was, because old man Laius hushed up the scandal; that soothsayer stuff was all boloney, just an excuse to throw me out. History usually falls on these little secrets with shrieks of joy, but this one seems to have been a teaser.

So you see there was nothing phoney about my marrying the dame. In fact, seeing that I could have enjoyed the sweets without the ceremony, I reckon I acted mighty square.

And that's the simple story which this Freud guy has put spokes in for his own immoral purposes. If folks want to quote his stuff in order to get away with their greasy little vices, well, that's their business. But I'll trouble you to see that my name's kept out of it.

GUY HADLEY

SECOND PRIZE

In his final speech, Sir Henry Warburton Wanley, K.C., appealed to the court's compassion for the misfortunes of ex-King Oedipus of Thebes. The Theban court in the first years of the reign of "Oedipus the Brave" had been one of the most brilliant in Europe: then had followed its sad decline under the menace of pestilence, and the revolution which culminated in the tragic suicide of Queen Jocasta and the exile of King Oedipus—who, after many vicissitudes, found a welcome on these shores. It was the duty of a British court not to dishonour the rights of hospitality accorded to a royal exile, who for many years had been a respected and beloved resident in Tunbridge Wells: he must be protected from every form of insult. The court was to-day only asked to consider the English translation of Professor Freud's lectures: its competence did not extend to foreign literature in which ex-King Oedipus had suffered defamation—for example, the notorious detective-play by Monsieur Sophocles, which had made a sensation in some foreign capitals, but had been banned in England for its obscenity. The question before the court was whether, in the work under discussion, the use of the name *Oedipus* to denote a certain perversion was likely to suggest in most minds a connection with the exiled monarch, and whether, in consequence, he had suffered in reputation. Witnesses from every section of society, the Princesses Ismene and Antigone of Thebes, Bishop Barnicot, formerly the Anglican Bishop of Boeotia, neighbours of the Theban royal family at Tunbridge Wells, and many others, were unanimous in declaring that the offensive passages had an obvious reference to ex-King Oedipus; and evidence had been given to show that his popularity had suffered on account of these disgraceful suggestions.

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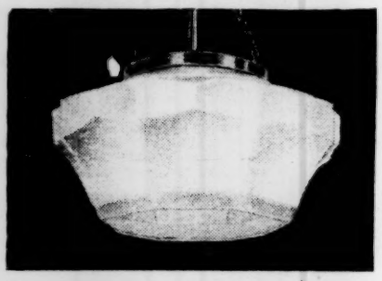

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 73.—BUMPSTEAD GARDEN CITY

At Bumpstead Garden City we have a very strong literary Circle. Prominent members of the Circle are Mr. and Mrs. Shakespeare, Mr. and Mrs. Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, and Mr. and Mrs. Keats.

The five poets, Shakespeare, Milton, Blake, Wordsworth and Keats are each the "favourite poet" of one of the above gentlemen and also of one of the above ladies. But in no case is a poet the "favourite" of a namesake, or of a namesake's wife, and in no case have husband and wife a "favourite poet" in common.

I have also elicited the following facts: Mr. Blake's favourite poet is Wordsworth. Mr. Shakespeare's favourite poet is Blake. Mrs. Keats dislikes both Blake's work and Milton's. Mrs. Wordsworth has no use for Keats. Mrs. Milton "can't abide" Shakespeare. The favourite poet of the wife of the namesake of Mrs. Blake's favourite poet is the namesake of the lady whose favourite poet is Blake.

Who is the favourite poet of Mr. Keats?

PROBLEM 71.—THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The score in the set between Willow and Bramble may have been either 6—1 or 6—0.

It is fairly obvious that, of the ten sets played, six at least were love sets. But the other games can be arranged in a variety of ways to give five separate placings. Two representative arrangements are reproduced below. It is also possible to set out a table with eight love sets and scores of 6—3 and 6—1.

I

	J	Bra.	H	W	Bri.	Margin
J	—	6—1	6—0	1—6	2—6	+ 2
Bra.	1—6	—	6—0	0—6	6—0	+ 1
H	0—6	0—6	—	6—0	6—0	—
W	6—1	6—0	0—6	—	0—6	— 1
Bri.	6—2	0—6	0—6	6—0	—	— 2

II

	J	Bra.	H	W	Bri.	Margin
J	—	6—0	1—6	6—0	1—6	+ 2
Bra.	0—6	—	6—0	1—6	6—0	+ 1
H	6—1	0—6	—	6—0	1—6	—
W	0—6	6—1	0—6	—	6—0	— 1
Bri.	6—1	0—6	6—1	0—6	—	— 2

This duality of solution is inartistic, though I don't think it detracts from the interest of the problem. I congratulate solvers who have sent in complete solutions.

PROBLEM 70.—JELLABY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: J. H. Atkins, King's College, Cambridge.

There were 84 correct solutions. *Six* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

COMPANY MEETING

MARKS & SPENCER LIMITED

CONTINUED EXPANSION OF BUSINESS

Betters Values and Lowering of Prices to Consumers

Contribution to Economic Life of the Country

BRITISH MANUFACTURES NEARLY 95%

MR. SIMON MARKS' COMMENTARY

The Eighth Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer Limited was held (on Thursday) at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Simon Marks (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

In the course of his speech the Chairman said:

In accordance with our usual practice, I will first propose that the Directors' Report and Accounts, which were recently submitted to you, be taken as read.

The net profit, after providing for Directors' Fees, Management Remuneration, Depreciation, and other charges, but before providing for Income Tax, amounts to £976,290, an increase of £159,533 over the preceding year. This increase of profits is due to the increased volume of business arising from the operation of more Stores, the expansion of business in old Stores, and to the profit arising out of our policy of creating large reserves to acquire properties.

The increased volume of sales has been achieved by our established policy of passing on to our customers all economies effected through the favourable purchase of raw materials and by improved processes of production.

As you know, we have steadily pursued the conservative policy of distributing to our shareholders only a part of our profits and setting aside, year after year, considerable sums to reserves. The stocks we carry are relatively small because the rate at which they are turned over is high, and therefore the bulk of the reserves are invested in the form of properties and buildings in which our business is conducted. The saving in rentals through acquiring and developing our properties forms a notable portion of our profits.

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS

The net profit of £976,290, after deducting £182,392 for Income Tax, leaves a balance of £793,898 which, together with £53,981 brought forward from the previous year, makes a total of £847,879 available for distribution. After the various dividends have been paid on all classes of shares, including an interim dividend of 10% on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares, there is left a balance of £646,249, which the directors recommend should be appropriated as follows:

Properties Contingency Reserve	£30,000	against	£25,000
General Reserve Account	£320,788	,,	£237,846
Payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares at the rate of 25% per annum, thus making 35% for the year ended 31st March, 1934	£241,577	,,	£219,615

We shall carry forward to next year's accounts the balance of £53,884 against £53,981 last year.

ISSUE ON BONUS TERMS

The Directors further recommend that £120,788, part of the General Reserve Account, be capitalised and that a distribution by way of bonus be made to the holders of the existing Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares of the Company in the proportion of one "A" Ordinary Share for every eight existing Ordinary and/or "A" Ordinary Shares held.

RESERVES

After payment for the bonus shares the appropriations made will increase our General Reserve from £570,000 to £770,000. The total reserves (including the General Reserve, the Properties Contingency Reserve, and Freehold Properties Depreciation Reserve, and the balance carried forward on the Profit and Loss Account) amount to £982,857.

The sum of £201,624 has been charged against the Accounts in respect of Depreciation and Repairs to Properties and Fixtures before arriving at the net profit. This compares with £150,327 last year. The amount set aside for these items of depreciation since 1926 is £555,677. Turning to the assets side of the Balance Sheet, it will be seen that the Freehold, Leasehold and Lease Properties stand at £4,650,114, a net increase of £783,817.

CONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME AND FUTURE DEVELOPMENT

In pursuance of the financial arrangements made to cover our programme of expansion, we have taken up during the current year £500,000 by way of loan at the rate of 4% interest. We still have facilities under this arrangement to provide sufficient funds to deal with the projected development for this year. Having regard to the needs of the Company arising from our future plans, we are investigating the possibilities of a further issue of capital.

At the close of the Financial Year we were operating 180 Stores throughout the country, a number of which have been trading for a short period of the year. The programme already fixed for the year 1934-5 will bring the number of Stores to more than 200, besides providing for considerable extensions in existing Stores where an increase in selling space has been found desirable.

CHAIN STORE CONTRIBUTION TO ECONOMIC LIFE OF THE COUNTRY

If our system has any special merit or makes any marked contribution to the economic life of the country, I would say that it is its ability more and more to satisfy the general and growing needs of the consumers with moderate and lower levels of income. We regard the lowering of prices and the improvement in the quality of our goods as a means for raising the standard of life of large masses of the community. It is the function of the modern distributor to help consumers to purchase with their income better and more varied food, healthier and more attractive clothing, in fact to endeavour to satisfy all their reasonable wants at a level which they can afford to pay. By a close study of this problem, together with our suppliers, we have succeeded in converting potential demands for new classes of goods, hitherto beyond the range of the purse of the average shopper, into effective demand. It is not too much to say that, in this way, we have been able to stimulate new requirements and to open up new avenues of trade for British-made goods. Not merely cheapness, but value for money, quality, finish, and durability mark the character of the goods we sell.

Fixed price limits, which are an essential feature of our system, have a very direct bearing upon efficiency in production. When the price limit is fixed, as in our case at 5s., our Buyers and our manufacturers are under constant pressure to apply their ingenuity in discovering and producing new commodities which can be retailed within our price limits. The psychological effect of working to these limits is very great and is producing a marked change in the attitude of our manufacturers who are constantly making fresh discoveries as to their productive possibilities.

It is with considerable satisfaction that I can report to the shareholders that nearly 95% of the manufactured goods we sell are made in this country. As you are aware, for many years past our policy has been to encourage the British manufacturer. Our results show that this policy has met with success. Our consumers prefer British goods, not only because they are British, but also because they represent the best value obtainable.

THANKS TO OFFICERS AND STAFF

I would like to express to the officers and to all members of the staff of the Company the appreciation and thanks of the Board for the devotion which they have displayed in helping us to achieve the results recorded. It is not too much to say that the esprit de corps which has been developed throughout the business accounts in no small measure for the success of our undertaking. No business can be built up without enthusiasm and confidence, and I believe that the Directors and Staff possess both.

DIVIDEND

I will now propose: "That the Report and Accounts to the 31st March, 1934, as submitted, be received and adopted, and that the Cumulative Dividend of 10% per annum, less tax, for the year to 31st March, 1934, already paid to the 10% Preference Shareholders be and is hereby confirmed; that the Cumulative Dividend of 7% per annum, less tax, for the year to the 31st December, 1933, and paid to the 7% Preference Shareholders, be and is hereby confirmed; that the Interim Dividend of 10% per annum, less tax, paid on the 1st January, 1934, to the Ordinary and 'A' Ordinary Shareholders be confirmed, and that the payment of a final dividend at the rate of 25% per annum, less tax, making 35% on the Ordinary and 'A' Ordinary Shares for the year ended 31st March, 1934, be declared, and paid by warrant to be posted this evening to those members whose names appeared in the register of members on April 30th, 1934." I will now ask Mr. Sieff to second the Resolution.

Mr. I. M. Sieff, B.Com. Vice-Chairman and Assistant Managing Director), seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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Edward P

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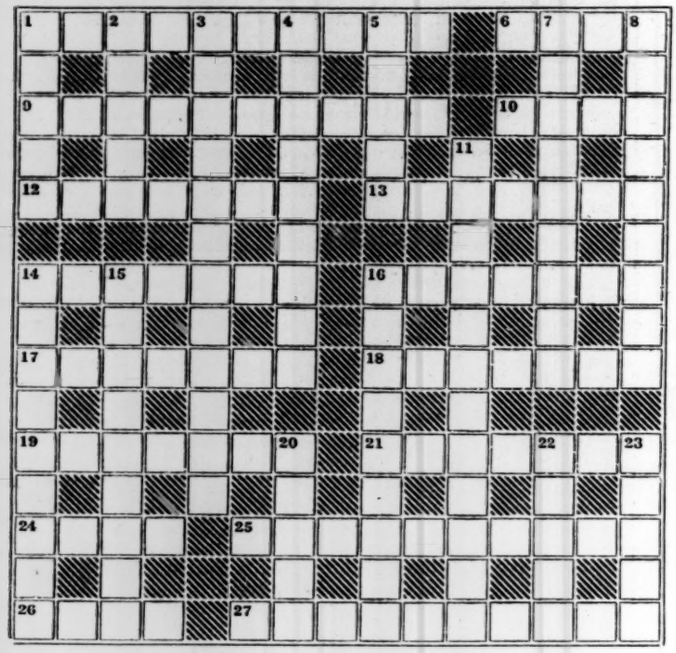
BOOKS

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 219

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Mr. C. C. Green, 11 Strand, Torquay.

ACROSS

1. As much as a hill to an ant after tea.
6. The famous are not, strangely enough.
9. Tess was found asleep on it.
10. It's a drawback when I cap it.
12. Hamlet's last word.
13. Rapid.
14. If turned on little liquor would flow.
16. Rotten ere half ripe are their virtue, according to Rosalind.
17. All I got was a boat.
18. Victim of a sailing disaster.
19. As grave as devastations.
21. The hunt are able to, of course.
24. Her son was a martyred king.
25. Adjective admirable for singers but not for speakers.
26. A piece of turf turned to kitchen use.
27. Economically speaking, they should not blow from Iceland.

DOWN

1. Obviously the vehicles for speed cops.
2. Tarbaby's stuffing.
3. Inconsequential matters for the poet's pen.
4. Where not only gangsters put the red after knocking him down.
5. How one could be dressed up in the '90's even without a tie.
7. How clubs would ban a negro dance.
8. Adverb of circular condition.
11. An aerial survey.
14. Where Dick Turpin practised his profession.
15. Animated.
16. He who wins a legal appeal may be said to have been.
20. How 13 might clean.
22. A sculptor more than a god.
23. Has a shady population.

F	R	E	E	D	O	M	■	B	E	A	R	C	U	B
L	■	S	■	I	■	U	■	L	■	S	■	O	■	O
A	P	P	A	L	■	S	H	E	P	H	E	R	D	S
P	■	A	■	I	■	T	■	E	■	Y	■	C	■	■
P	A	R	A	G	R	A	P	H	■	S	U	D	R	A
E	■	T	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	■	■	O	■	G
D	R	O	W	N	E	D	■	R	E	V	E	N	G	E
■	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	■
R	I	G	V	E	D	A	■	D	A	R	L	I	N	G
E	■	E	■	■	■	W	■	O	■	T	■	M	■	R
D	E	N	I	M	■	K	I	T	T	I	W	A	K	E
L	■	E	■	O	■	W	■	T	■	G	■	G	■	A
E	A	S	Y	C	H	A	I	R	■	E	M	I	R	S
A	■	I	■	H	■	R	■	E	■	R	■	N	■	E
D	I	S	C	A	R	D	■	L	I	N	G	E	R	S

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ECONOMISTS' TOUR TO U.S.S.R.

The Society for Cultural Relations is again arranging for an Economists' Tour to the U.S.S.R., specially designed to cover three important aspects of the Soviet experiment—social, industrial and agricultural. It will include a study of factories, collective farms, and social services, and arrangements will be made so that members of the tour can meet the Commissars of finance, planning, etc. Dr. Margaret Miller, Lecturer in Economics at Liverpool University, will lead the tour. Dr. Miller has visited the Soviet Union several times recently, has made an intensive study of economic conditions there, and knows the language.

ITINERARY

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COMPANY MEETING

SPILLERS, LIMITED

EFFECTS OF FLOUR DUMPING

The Rt. Hon. Sir Malcolm A. Robertson, Chairman of Spillers Limited, commenting on the Accounts at the Company's Annual General Meeting on Saturday, May 12, at Cardiff, said that the 5½% Ten-year Sinking Fund Notes would not appear in next year's Balance Sheet, as they were due for redemption in December next. The discharge of certain capital commitments open at the beginning of the year and the Directors' rebuilding policy were responsible for a reduction in investments in Government securities and cash in hand, an increase in investments in subsidiary companies, and an increase in freehold and leasehold properties.

The Company's new mill, Animal Foods Factory and biscuit bakery at Cardiff had been in operation since January, prior to which the Intake Plant and new silos had been in use for some time. It was hoped to commence manufacture at the Avonmouth mills towards the end of the year. In London the new silo accommodation had been available since January, and the equipment of the new Animal Foods Factory was almost complete. It was regretted that the improvement in the economic layout of the Company's property at Cardiff had necessarily entailed a reduction in labour, which, however, the Directors had done all in their power to mitigate.

Owing to the glutting of the country with imported flour, they had reluctantly been compelled to close one of the two Glasgow mills acquired last year. The question of dumping in this country of imported flour at prices far below those at which the same flour was sold in the countries of origin had been the cause of anxious concern to the Directors. The Import Duties Advisory Committee had so far declined to render any assistance.

PRICE FLUCTUATIONS.

There had been continued wide fluctuations in the price of wheat during the year, and supplies were still in excess of requirements. Any success achieved in raising the price in exporting countries had been counteracted by exchange fluctuations. Trading in the coarse grain markets had not been without difficulties, although price fluctuations had been less violent than those experienced in wheat.

It was gratifying to be able to report a steady increase in all the departments of the Company's Animal Foods trade. The good progress was undoubtedly due to the determination to maintain at the highest level the quality of all products.

With regard to the Company's Canadian ventures, both mills had been closed down for the present at any rate, in view of continued working on short time at a substantial loss.

He regretted to report the deaths during the year of three former Directors, viz., Sir Herbert Vernon, Mr. Ernest Nicholls and Mr. J. H. Mullins, each of whom in his own sphere served the Company and its predecessors well and faithfully.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

At an Extraordinary General Meeting held at the close of the Annual General Meeting, resolutions to alter the Company's Articles of Association with regard to the remuneration of the Directors were adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

BRITISH MATCH CORPORATION

SATISFACTORY HOME TRADE

The seventh Ordinary General Meeting of The British Match Corportion, Ltd., was held on Wednesday last at River Plate House, London, E.C.

Mr. Clarence E. Bartholomew, O.B.E. (Chairman and Managing Director), after referring to the loss they had sustained by the death of their late Chairman, Sir George Paton, said: The report and accounts which we have the pleasure to present will, I trust, be considered satisfactory. Apart from the lamented loss to which I have referred, the year has been free from important occurrences in our organisation. The home trade has given continued evidence of the value of the goodwill of the businesses in which you are interested. Manufacturing methods have been steadily improved, and the quality of your British made matches is higher than has ever been known in the industry in any part of the world. The consumption of matches produced by factories in which you are concerned amounts to several hundreds of millions per day, a circulation which can hardly be equalled by any other commodity, and I should like to emphasise that the working conditions in all those factories are of the best.

BRYANT AND MAY'S ANNIVERSARY

It is, I think, worthy of mention that Bryant and May, Ltd., has just held its 50th annual meeting. It was in 1884 that it became a Limited Company. Although we do not know the actual date of its formation, the business is actually approaching its centenary.

I will now refer to the figures in the accounts. On the assets side, the goodwill item is being steadily reduced, and, if our proposals are approved, will be reduced to £560,000 next year. The holding of Government Securities represents the investment of the major portion of the Reserve Fund. We wish we could employ it more profitably, but, until we find better use for the money, we are pleased to know that it is safely invested, and that its market value to-day is some £8,000 more than is shown in the accounts. There is no material change in the amount of cash at bankers.

The revenue account calls for little comment, but you will observe that the net revenue from our subsidiary companies is £11,300 odd higher than last year, and represents a gross return of 9.33% on the book value of the investments.

Your Board is not without anxiety with regard to the investment in Brazil. A large part of the investment was made at a time when the milreis was worth nearly three times its present exchange value. We still have confidence in the future of that wonderful country, but desperate measures of taxation and complications of exchange have upset all the conservative calculations on which the investment was based. Some amounts are now being received from the milreis accumulated there, but at a much higher cost to our Brazilian friends than could have been anticipated when the money was advanced.

Sir George Paton told you a year ago that the heavy taxation in Brazil was "killing the goose which laid the golden eggs." That is still true, but we feel sure that Brazil and other South American countries, too, will make further efforts to restore the value of their currencies, and for their own credit's sake will strive to make remunerative the foreign investments which have contributed so largely to the development of their great territories.

During the last year I have been able to pay visits to Brazil, Canada, and South Africa. Apart from the currency difficulty in Brazil, I can assure you that your interests in the countries I have named are in excellent shape.

I do not propose to dilate upon the trend of trade in general, but I would assure you that your Board is constantly studying everything which may affect the industry in which you have invested your money, and we have confidence in the future. We do not anticipate "boom times" in this industry, and we may count ourselves fortunate that we have been able to maintain such steady returns through the recent years of difficulty and depression.

The report and accounts were adopted.

LITERARY

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH SEXOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Meeting will be held on Friday, 25th May, at 34 Red Lion Square (Nat. Sunday League Hall), Holborn, W.C., when

MR. HOLFORD KNIGHT, K.C., M.P.,

will speak on

"THE PRESENT POSITION OF DIVORCE REFORM"

supported by MRS. SEATON TIEDEMAN.

Mr. Gerald Gardiner will take the Chair at 8.0 p.m.

Information from SEC., Brit. Sexological Society, 4 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

COMMITTEE against Malnutrition. Public meeting, 8 p.m. Wed., June 13th, at 34, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Speakers: Dr. Stella Churchill, Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, Dr. R. D. Lawrence, Dr. R. A. Lyster. Tickets 1/- each from Hon. Sec., 19c, Eagle St., W.C.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

ARE AMERICAN CORPORATIONS PROFITEERING?—ROOSEVELT'S NEW MOVE—BURMAH OIL: THE WHITE MAN'S SHARE—TRINIDAD LEASEHOLDS INTO V.O.C.

THE National City Bank of New York has been using statistics of the National Bureau of Economic Research (compiled by a statistician with the unfortunate name of Mr. Solomon Fabricant) to prove that the great corporations of America work for next to nothing, or, when they make losses, for the fun of the thing. As the statistics quoted cover a period of only six years to 1932 and express profits as a percentage on book values which may be inflated by consolidations or directors' revaluations, they are not very helpful. The National City Bank, being sensitive to this criticism, goes on to quote figures of the percentage of net income to gross, which purport to show that the net earnings of corporations average less than 5 per cent. of the sales-value of their products and services. This, according to the banker, is a complete "refutation of Communist oratory." But, while holding no brief for the Communist orator, I must point out that these net profits are arrived at after allowing for taxes and salaries to executives. And it is the executives, as President Roosevelt knows, who have been exploiting the economic system in the United States. This is particularly true even in these enlightened days of the National Recovery Administration. In the same bulletin the National City Bank gave a table of the earnings of leading corporations for the first quarter of 1934, showing a remarkable recovery in profits. In fact, the charge of "profiteering" might well be advanced against big business. The net profits of 210 industrial companies in this period gave a combined balance of net profits over deficits of $98 millions as compared with a profit of $72 millions in the preceding quarter and a deficit of $23 millions in the first quarter of 1933. Here are some selected groups:

	Net Profits. In Millions $. First Quarter,			Annual Rate of Return on Net Capital,	
	1933.	1934.	% Change.	1933.	1934.
Automobiles:	$	$	%	%	%
General Motors ..	6.8	29.4	+328	3.2	13.5
9 Other Cos.	Def. 5.1	Def. 3.7	—	—	—
Chemicals .. (14 Cos.)	9.8	22.5	+130	4.3	9.7
Drugs and Sundries (7 Cos.)	1.8	2.1	+ 18.3	18.3	23.1
Food Products (15 Cos.)	13.8	20.6	+ 50	10.6	15.4
Household Supplies (7 Cos.)	1.7	5.0	+191.6	4.2	12.2
Misc. Manufactures (35 Cos.)	2.0	6.8	+238.7	1.5	5.5

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These figures do not encourage us to take very seriously the present slump in Wall Street. Some businesses must be making handsome profits at the present time. Of course, one quarter's earnings are no doubt that big business has taken advantage of the N.R.A. Codes, permitting trade combinations and price-fixing agreements, to profiteer, i.e., to advance prices to an extent greater than that warranted by the increase in labour and material costs. Thus, real wages and salaries have declined. The American press is featuring the price advances—from motor cars and hotel charges down to books and bread, and is beginning to canvass the possibilities of a consumers' strike. In the building trade rising costs have begun to slow down constructional work. A house which could have been built for $2,560 a year ago is now costing $4,675, due to "the bulk effect of the Codes" (the pre-slump cost would have been about $5,000). The "consumers' strike" has already frightened mail order houses into cutting prices. An adjustment between the prices of manufactured goods and agricultural produce would be all to the good. A serious decline in the American price level, however, is not to be expected, seeing that the full effect of the Government's spending has not yet been felt. The President is now asking for $1,322 millions—the balance of the $3,166 millions required to finance the new deal in 1934/5—and has put forward new, and important, plans to stimulate house-building.

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The Burmah Oil Company is, and always has been, a law unto itself. Sir John Cargill and Mr. R. I. Watson make the laws and the shareholders invariably applaud. The latest bolt from the Indian blue took the shape of a cash bonus of 2½ per cent. with the final dividend of 15 per cent. (making 22½ per cent. for the year against 20 per cent. in 1932) and a scrip bonus of 33⅓ per cent. payable in ordinary shares. Why the directors of Burmah Oil decided to make this present (so acceptable to surtax-paying shareholders) at this particular time no one knows. Certainly, the company has done better trade in the Indian market in 1933. And on its holding of 3,561,990 ordinary shares of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company (of which 700,000 are held in the B.O.C. Anglo-Persian Share Trust) it received a dividend in July, 1933, of 7½ per cent. against 5 per cent. in July, 1932 (i.e., an extra £89,000). Further, by applying £146,424 less to depreciation, it has been able—as far as I can estimate—to increase the earnings on its ordinary shares from 21.7 per cent. to 29 per cent. But why choose this particular time for the scrip bonus of 33⅓ per cent.? It has always had a hidden reserve in its holding of Anglo-Persian shares which stand in its books at 18*s.* 9*d.* against a present market price of £2½. On the other hand, it has a loss on its holding of 1,000,000 Shell Transport shares, of which 833,333 were acquired at £5 1/16 per share, against a present market value of £2 9/16. The bonus absorbs practically the whole of the General Reserve—£2,289,419 out of £2,500,000. Out of this year's profits £289,419 is applied to General Reserve, so that the good work of bonus-building goes on. Earnings of 29 per cent. on the old ordinary capital would be equivalent to just under 22 per cent. on the new. The market is so delighted with the results that it is beginning to talk of dividends of 20 per cent. on the new capital for 1934. At the present price of the shares—5 7/16 cum dividend and rights (equivalent to 79*s.* 3*d.* ex dividend and rights) the shares would return a yield of 5 per cent. on dividends of 17½ per cent. and of 5¾ per cent. on dividends of 20 per cent. Truly a white man's share! A credit to British India!

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By comparison the position of Trinidad Leaseholds shareholders is not very happy. The directors of this company, in declaring the same interim dividend of 5 per cent., announced that although the volume of sales to date had been more than maintained the average prices realised had been lower and profits had declined. They therefore anticipated that the final dividend would be less than last year. In the year ending June, 1933, the company paid an interim dividend of 5 per cent. and a final dividend of 10 per cent. In respect of the current year it is thought that the final dividend will be reduced to 7½ per cent. or even 5 per cent. Apart from the lower selling prices realised this year, the company is believed to have incurred heavier expenditures on its fields in Trinidad. At 2 9/16 Trinidad Leaseholds shares return a yield of £4 18*s.* per cent. if dividends of 12½ per cent. or £3 18*s.* 3*d.* per cent. if dividends of 10 per cent. are paid (these yields allow for Trinidad tax at 2*s.* 5*d.* and British tax at 2*s.* 3*d.* in the £). The best thing for Trinidad Leaseholders to do is to exchange into either Burmah Oil shares with a potential yield of 5 per cent. or 5¾ per cent. or Venezuelan Oil Concessions shares at 38*s.* (cum final dividend of 5 per cent.) to yield £5 7*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on dividends of 10 per cent. The Venezuelan Oil Concession sells its output to the Royal Dutch-Shell group under a marketing agreement and has immense reserves of oil, whereas the Trinidad Leaseholds, having been barred by tariffs and quotas from the American market, is dependent on sales in the British market and on its relatively tiny fields in Trinidad and unproved fields in Venezuela. The long-term outlook for Venezuelan Oil Concessions is, therefore, much more attractive than that of Trinidad Leaseholds. I admit that for the time being the position of Venezuelan Oil Concessions is not all it should be. The company is still adversely affected by the fall in the dollar (which averaged about 4.50 in 1933 as compared with 3.50 in 1932) and by the premium on the Bolivar, in which wages and local taxes are paid. On the other hand, the potentialities of its oilfields are enormous and its present output (under a voluntary restriction scheme) is no measure of what it can produce. Some day America will not be so flush with oil and oil prices will be higher. Venezuelan Oil Concessions will then come into its own.

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A correction! It was, of course, a misprint last week to give the sugar-refining margin as 73*s.* My manuscript read 13*s.* Not even Tate and Lyle could get away with 73*s.* But the 13*s.* margin, with the elimination of all competition, should mean earnings of well over 20 per cent. on Tate and Lyle ordinary shares.

COMPANY MEETING

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED

THE RT. HON. SIR ERIC GEDDES' ADDRESS

THE RUBBER RESTRICTION SCHEME

The 35th ordinary general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday last, May 16, in London.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.C.B. (the Chairman), in the course of his speech said: You will remember that last year I predicted that during 1933 your Company's affairs would continue to progress favourably. I am glad to say that this prophecy has been realised.

During the past year there has been an improvement in trading conditions in this country, and your company has fully maintained its position in the export field.

Consolidated Statements

Continuing their policy of furnishing members with fuller information, your Directors have included with the 1933 Accounts a consolidated Statement of Profits and a consolidated Statement of the Assets and Liabilities of the Dunlop Rubber Company and all its subsidiaries. You observe that what I may call the normal profits of the year for the whole combine amounted to £2,255,973, but there are from time to time items of a non-recurring nature which in this year have increased the profits by £90,671.

Of course, in future years the incidence of such abnormal items may work the other way. After making the adjustments and deductions shown in the Accounts in full detail, the balance of profit for the year is £1,868,924, and after deducting from this sum all charges except Income Tax, the nett profit is £1,512,866, representing an increase over the previous year of £652,789, as shown in the Profit and Loss Account. In 1932 there was a charge against profits of £200,000 for Obsolescence. No such charge is made in this year, but, on the other hand, out of available profits the Directors have transferred £200,000 to General Reserve. Your Directors are glad that, after making the foregoing reserve, they feel justified in recommending a dividend on the Ordinary Stock of 8 per cent., and therefore the carry-forward is increased by £136,207 to a total of £578,415, it being considered prudent to build up this item. The Reserve for Contingencies has been increased by adding to it £203,766, as realised profit on Exchange. Towards the end of 1933 a Debenture Conversion scheme was successfully carried through in respect of the First Debenture Stock. In addition, the balances outstanding on the Second Debentures and the Mortgage were redeemed. Thus £3,461,306 of the Company's charges were liquidated, and the aggregate saving resulting from these transactions will amount to £227,700 per annum. The liquid position of the Company remains very strong indeed. Perhaps the most striking figures prominently brought out by the Consolidated Statement which we have issued are the impressive figure of total assets, namely, £29,400,000 and the surplus of current assets over current liabilities amounting to £8,000,000.

Proceeding, the Chairman gave a brief review of the Company's manifold activities during the year, dealing with Tyres, Footwear, General Rubber and Sports Goods, "Dunlopillo" upholstery and "Dunlopillo" mattresses and "Lastex" yarns. The public were now beginning to see agricultural tractors, farm carts, industrial and agricultural barrows and trollies of all descriptions mounted on pneumatic tyres, and sales were becoming important in volume.

The Restriction Scheme

Proceeding, he said: The higher prices that have prevailed so far this year on the continual talk of restriction suggest still better results financially than in the past year, while the moderate amount of restriction that will be in operation till the end of the financial year of the Plantations Company suggests that, taking the short view, restriction will not be unsatisfactory to us for the year. Taking the long view, however, your Board has doubts regarding the ultimate value of the operation of this restriction scheme to the Plantation industry, and it is that industry's point of view which I have invariably taken in my speeches at these meetings since the death of the last restriction scheme. You may recollect that at our meeting last year I referred to the new movement towards restriction, and repeated what I had stated before, that any restriction scheme must penalise the efficient producer in order artificially to assist the inefficient. We have found no reason to alter that view.

In principle the new Rubber Restriction Scheme is the best yet framed, but it is open to objections. Its practicability is by no means certain owing *inter alia* to the difficulties in controlling the export of Dutch Native rubber.

There is no reference to the proposed level of rubber prices. The prosperity of the producing industry must depend on extended uses of rubber, which are impossible on any scale unless reasonable and stable prices are assured. We believe our development of new products from specially prepared latex to be the most important in the Industry during the last quarter of a century.

One penny per lb. on rubber and cotton amounts to hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling in our raw material costs annually, and both of these commodities are to be subject to artificial control. In these circumstances, we must necessarily be cautious in attempting any estimate of future prospects.

Personnel of Committee

Manufacturers, in our opinion, should have been given representation on the International Regulating Committee. This restriction scheme is one that is going to be of vital importance for better or worse to both the manufacturing and producing sides of the industry, and we think it desirable that the Committee itself should include representatives of manufacturing interests.

You will have seen from the personnel of the Committee that our hopes have not been realised, though a concession has been granted in the formation of a small Advisory Panel of manufacturers. The constitution of the Committee, however, is one that must command respect, and we hope that its strong official element will safeguard the interests of those branches of the rubber industry which have no direct representation on the Committee.

Our claims as manufacturer-producers, and as the manufacturers of special types of semi-manufactured rubber, have been pressed to the best of our ability both upon the negotiators and upon the Government. We did not put these claims forward lightly; we have, as you are aware, in the past year or two developed new rubber products out of special scientifically prepared latex.

We confidently believe this manufacturing development from prepared latex to be the most important in the rubber industry of the last quarter of a century—we visualise increased use of this special prepared latex in very large quantities, and during the period of development, we had hoped to have been given the right to ship it without any restriction.

Possibly our proposition was one of too intricate a nature to be dealt with in the course of the negotiations, but I still hope that the International Committee may recognise the value of our request to the producing industry as a whole.

I would here like to record my appreciation of and gratitude to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and the officials of the Colonial Office for their courtesy and patience.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has stated in Parliament that for the first year Dutch native rubber will be controlled by an export tax. Even with the low rate of restriction, which will apply over the remainder of the year, it will be necessary to reduce the Dutch native output by perhaps 70,000 tons annually, or over 30 per cent. One asks, "can any tax be rated sufficiently high to effect this without political danger and probable smuggling on a large scale?"

I have stated that we consider that the basis of this scheme is the soundest that has been produced, but I fear its practicability is by no means certain. We shall, of course, adapt ourselves to the new conditions, hopeful at least that some of our claims—which we have placed before the Government—may be met. The success of the scheme essentially depends upon close and continuous co-operation between all interests and the elimination of wide and uncertain fluctuations in the price of rubber. The future developmnet of the manufacturing side of the industry will be vitally affected by the extent to which the declared objectives of the scheme are ultimately realised.

In conclusion he said: It cannot be said that the sky is yet clear of clouds, particularly overseas. Little has so far been done to solve the great economic and political problems which have disturbed international relations during the past few years and meanwhile the development of economic nationalism continues unabated. All over the world nations are taking steps to keep out one another's goods. It is not surprising that international trade still remains at less than one half of its pre-crisis volume.

We must necessarily be cautious also in attempting any estimate of future prospects when the price level of our principal raw materials, rubber and cotton, rests upon some measure of artificial control.

But the sky is not wholly overcast. The steady improvement of the home market is a most hopeful feature.

Finally, I would say that your Board was never so satisfied with the efficient state of the Company's organisation and plant and its high standing in the industry and with the public. We continue to derive benefit from the policy of reorganisation and concentration, to which I made reference last year, and it will be satisfactory to you to know that in all our factories conversion costs were substantially reduced in 1933.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and a dividend of 8 per cent. on the ordinary stock declared.